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A SONG THAT WAS SUNG IN MAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

May winds polished the cheek of the wave,
Greenly the young buds blew,
And far through the azure fires of the noon,
Spring birds floated and flew.

What light so fair as the light of May,
On sea, or sky, or shore?
Yet the restless trees looked over the land,
As seeking for something more.

"Oh, trees," I sang, "not in earth or air
Shall ye find what ye seek to-day!
In Love alone forever lives on
The sweetest soul of the May.

"Oh, birds," I sang, "fly beyond the clouds,
Farther than thought can see!
But Love transfigures and lifts the heart
Nearer to heaven than ye."

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c."

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CHAPTER XVII.

A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

Had Miss Lester quitted her father's study with a hasty step instead of a slow one, she would probably have run over Tiffie; for that damsel had had her ear glued to the door throughout the greater portion of the interview. Tiffie proceeded to Lady Adelaide's dressing-room, closed the door with a mysterious air, and turned up the whites of her eyes.

"Sucif treason and plots as is being hatched, my lady; that of Guy Fox's was nothing in compirison. There's Miss Lester been shut up with master till this blessed minute, a pleading for them two married ones, and declaring that she has been to see 'em, and is going again."

"Impossible," returned Lady Adelaide; "Miss Lester would not disobey expressed commands."

"She has disobeyed 'em, my lady. And she has been a making up a tale to her pa, that them two are famishing and ought to be helped. My lady, if you don't mind, master will take 'em into favor again, and allow 'em a income—to the wrongs of the dear little cherybums at home, your ladyship's own. I—I—I'd let 'em famish, if it was me," emphatically added Tiffie.

"They deserve nothing better," said Lady Adelaide. "Does he go out at night still?"

"Oh, don't he!" replied Tiffie. "Last night as ever was, he and that Drake, and young Beecher was on my lord's grounds," she continued, sinking her voice. "Let it go on a bit, my lady; he'll be dropped upon."

"Where do you get your information, Tiffie?" demanded Lady Adelaide.

"My lady, I do get it, and it's for the good of the family I'm proud to serve. If I pay all my wages away in bribes, I don't regret it, so long as I can render service to your ladyship, and the precious little ones. But to say percisely how, when, and where I do get the information, is beyond me, and your ladyship must excuse my saying so. Let them two once get the upper hand of master, and they'd be for turning us out of house and home."

Before more was said, a loud knock, as of a visitor, was heard at the hall door. Tiffie—who seemed to make it her business to watch every body's business in the house, as keenly as a cat watches a mouse—left the room with a spring, and planted herself where she could see down into the hall. The visitor admitted, she came back.

"Is it Lord Dane?" inquired Lady Adelaide.

"Not at all, my lady. It's that young man that is lodging at the Sailor's Rest; that Mr. Lydney who was hooked up in the lifeboat. I saw Miss Lester walking with him just now, so she has invited of him to tea, no doubt."

"Saw Miss Lester walking with him! invited him to tea?" reiterated Lady Adelaide. "What are you saying, Tiffie?"

"Oh, my lady, they have growed to be upon quite close terms of frindship," carelessly replied Tiffie. "Miss Lester is for ever meeting of him at Miss Bordillions, where he have got intimite."

Mr. Lydney, however, had not come "to tea," or to visit Miss Lester. His business was with Mr. Lester, and into his study was he shown. Not many minutes had he quitted Maria when it occurred to him that Mr. Lester, in his magisterial capacity, might be of service to him. Mr. Lester received him cordially; a speaking acquaintanceship had grown up between them since the night of the wreck, and he liked young Lydney much. Miss Bordillion had also informed him of the service he had rendered Maria. "Saved her life," Miss Bordillion expressed it; but Mr. Lester laughed at that.

"I must ask you to pardon my calling upon you at this unseasonable hour—unseasonable for business," began Mr. Lydney, as he took the chair placed for him. "You are, I believe, in the Commission of Peace for the county."

"I am," replied Mr. Lester.

"Then will you allow me to request you to grant a warrant to search Dane Castle?"

LYDNEY AND THE POACHER.

Had Mr. Lester been applied to for a warrant to search his own house inside and out, he could not have evinced more surprise.

"Search Dane Castle!" he echoed.

"You probably have heard, Mr. Lester, the details of the loss of my box this day; for Danesheld is a small place, famous for tale bearing, and a transaction taking place at one end of it at ten in the morning, would be known at the other, by ten minutes past—"

"That is so," interrupted Mr. Lester, with a laugh. "And I believe I am as cognisant of the circumstances attending the loss of the box, as you can be."

"Then, Mr. Lester, I will go on. That box, rely upon it, is in Dane Castle, and I must have it found."

"What grounds can you possibly entertain for coming to that conclusion?" slowly uttered Mr. Lester. "Lord Dane can have no motive for detaining or concealing the box; he would only be too glad to hand it over to you, you being the owner."

"I draw my deductions from facts," returned the young man. "What right—nay, I will say what motive—had Lord Dane to interfere with my box at all? Mitchel told him it was mine, and that I was about to remove it."

"I do not myself see any necessity there was for his doing so," reflectively replied Mr. Lester. "As to his motive, it must have been zeal—over zeal that no harm should come to the things, your box among them. Were I to conjecture, I should say the box fell from the cart, unseen, on its way to the castle."

"I think that would scarcely be your conjecture did you know how heavy the box was, Mr. Lester. It could not well fall unseen or unheard, and one of the men walked behind the cart. Besides, it was seen to be carried into the castle."

Mr. Lester pricked up his ears. The last little bit of information was new to him.

"By whom," he eagerly said. "I understood it had not been observed whether it was positively taken in, or not."

"A somewhat noted young gentleman of your vicinity, Shad by name, saw it go in—"

Mr. Lester interrupted with a burst of laughter, and it was some moments before he recovered himself, so entirely did the avowal excite his mirth.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lydney, but the remark proved how great a stranger you are to our village politics and to Shad. Why, he is the falsest boy you can conceive; he tells more lies in an hour, than another lad would in a lifetime. I doubt if he ever spoke a word of truth, yet knowing it to be truth."

"I agree with you in all that," replied Mr. Lydney, who had sat perfectly composed until the laugh was over: "from my limited observation of the boy I should judge him to be an exceedingly bad boy, an habitual and systematic deceiver. Nevertheless, I avow to you my belief that in this one instance he has told me truth. Depend upon it, he can tell truth, if it suits his purposes of self-interest. He said the two men carried the box into the castle, it being nearly the last thing taken out of the cart, and that Lord Dane's butler followed them in. I repeat to you, Mr. Lester, my conviction that this account was in accordance with fact."

"Can you suspect any of the servants of having cribbed it?" hastily asked Mr. Lester. "Bruff is as honest as the day—a most respectable man—was butler to the old Lord Dane."

"No, I cannot suspect the servants; by what I hear, they never went near the box." And this was an unlucky admission of Mr. Lydney's, for it took away all semblance of a plea for the grant of the search warrant. That is, according to the opinions or the prejudices held by Mr. Lester.

"Whom do you suspect?" he inquired of his guest, fixing his eyes searchingly upon him.

"It is a question, Mr. Lester, that I cannot answer you. I believe the box to be in the castle, concealed by some person or persons, either intentionally, or—it is just possible—inadvertently, the result of an oversight; therefore, I apply to you to grant me a search warrant."

Mr. Lester sat a few minutes without speaking. "I am sorry to refuse," he said, at length, "but I am really not satisfied that the law would justify me in doing so. The only direct evidence that the box did go into the castle comes from that Shad; scarcely one upon whose word we could venture to thrust the insult of a search warrant upon Lord Dane."

He spoke the last sentence in a sarcastic tone. Mr. Lydney's voice rose courteously in answer.

"I thought it might prove so; I felt that you would be chary of granting a search warrant against Lord Dane, who is your intimate friend. Well, Mr. Lester, I can hardly blame you; perhaps in your place I should not be any the more willing."

"Nay, nay," interposed Mr. Lester, "don't put the refusal upon friendship. I do not see that the grounds are sufficient to grant a search warrant."

"I must apply to another magistrate," observed the young man.

"Of course that is entirely at your option. I do not think you will find another more willing to grant it than I. If you do, I am not sure that it would serve you."

"Why not?"

"Lord Dane is higher in the commission of peace than we are; we are but county magistrates; he is the lord lieutenant; as such, we are under his authority, under his thumb. Were a warrant, to search his house, issued by one of us, I am not sure but he has the power to draw his pen down it, and render it null and void. I say that I am not certain of this, Mr. Lydney, for I would not willingly mislead you; but I fancy it would prove to be the fact."

Not a very consolatary suggestion for William Lydney. He rose to leave. Mr. Lester rose also.

"Will you spend an hour or two with us this evening, and be introduced to Lady Adelaide?" said the latter. "We are just going to tea."

"I shall be very happy," was the answer. "I have thought once or twice that I should like to know Lady Adelaide."

But no sooner had Mr. Lester given the invitation than he repented of it, for it occurred to him how exceedingly awkward it would be did Lord Dane come in, as he mostly did now of an evening. It might be anything but pleasant for two men to meet in social intercourse, one of whom was applying for a search warrant against the other. Mr. Lester, accordingly sat upon thorns, but his guest spent a remarkably pleasant evening, completely gaining the favor of Lady Adelaide. Lord Dane did not make his appearance.

Bearing in mind the doubt expressed by Mr. Lester whether Lord Dane might not quash any warrant issued by a magistrate, Mr. Lydney determined to apply direct to the police, and on the following morning proceeded to the station. The inspector was not there; one of the subordinate officers heard his story, and then asked what it was that he required—what was the object of his application.

"I want the assistance of the police to aid in discovering this box," was the reply. "I wish Dane Castle to be searched for it."

The policeman gave a slight shake of the head, which seemed to argue rather unfavorably for Lydney's demand. He could not take any such responsibility upon himself, he observed, but he would report the application to his superior, and the gentleman had better call again.

Little indeed was Mr. Lydney acquainted with the usages of the neighborhood, and with Lord Dane's sway in it, if he supposed the police could receive such an application and not make his lordship acquainted with it. The inspector himself carried it to the castle in the course of the day, and Lord Dane accorded him a private interview.

"Search the castle, forsooth!" ironically ejaculated his lordship. "It were more to the purpose that he permitted himself to be searched; that he declared who and what he is. Look at the facts, inspector. Here's a young man saved from a wreck with what he stands upright in, taken up his abode at a public house, and worms himself into the best houses of the neighborhood, on a footing of equality. He is obstinately silent as to his antecedents; that he has been asked of them, I know, but he does not answer. How can we tell that he is not an adventurer, a chevalier d'industrie? For my own part, I believe him to be one, and that it will turn out so in the end; I have my reasons for thinking so. He spent last evening at Squire Lester's."

"Did he; indeed, my lord?" returned the inspector, in a tone of dismay, taking his cue from the peer.

"At Miss Bordillion's he is intimate; at other houses he is intimate; he has contrived to scrape acquaintance with my own sister—places, all, where he has insinuated himself. Yesterday evening he was actually walking in the wood with—with"—Lord Dane arrested the words on the tip of his tongue, and then substituted others—"with a young lady; a young lady of the highest consideration."

"Why, there's no knowing what it may end in, if he really is an adventurer," cried the inspector.

"It will end in the neighborhood's having cause to repent its folly, its credulity," returned Lord Dane. "With regard to the box he claims—and I daresay it is just as much his as it is yours or mine——." But here his lordship summoned Bruff and the key, and marched the inspector to the strong room.

"Here they are, the things that came from the wreck," continued Lord Dane, pointing to the articles which lay on the floor, just as they had done the previous day. "Does it stand to common sense that if the box had been brought to this room it could have vanished out of it, the door being secured fast? Why that box more than any other? No, Mr. Inspector, if the box had been here at all, here it would be still. Who is to know that he did not contrive to get it from the cart himself, and is making this fuss to put you police off the scent that he has got it?"

"A not improbable supposition, if he forked what did not belong to him," cried the inspector. "A pretty fellow, he, to talk of a search warrant for the castle!"

"I'd see him hanging from the yard-arm of the tallest ship in the harbor before he should execute it," haughtily spoke his lordship. "But I am far from imposing the same impediment upon you, inspector. If you choose, for your own satisfaction, to go through every room and examine every nook and corner of the castle, you are at liberty to do so. Bruff will guide you, or you may go alone, as you please. Here's the trestle closet: begin with that."

"My lord, for my own satisfaction I should certainly not need to do so: if it would be for your lordship's satisfaction I will. You do not cast a doubt to any of the servants?" he added, lowering his tone.

"The servants?" echoed Lord Dane, with a pause and a stare, as though the idea to suspect them had not before occurred to him. "No, I don't; what should they want with the box? But—there; you had better go through the castle; it will set the matter at rest."

Accordingly the inspector did go through the castle, searching it thoroughly, but found no trace of the lost box. Lord Dane's manner had changed to one of chilling hauteur when the officer rejoined him.

"And when this man—Lydney, or whatever his name is—shall presume to speak to you again of a search warrant for Dane Castle, inquire a little as to who *he* may be, and what he may be doing here, and where he comes from," said his lordship. "Understand me, inspector; you have my orders to do this: find out what you can, and report to me."

"Very good, my lord," said the inspector; and, bowing low, he backed out from the presence of Lord Dane.

The inspector was much occupied that day, and it was not till evening that Mr. Lydney succeeded in finding him. The inspector did not at first tell him that he would not accord his application; he fenced with the question. He went to work in his own cautious manner, every eye and ear open to gather what he could of the applicant and his belongings.

"Am I to understand," he demanded, "that you accuse Lord Dane of stealing the box?"

"No; I do not accuse him of that, not feeling sufficiently sure of my grounds," was the bold answer. "That Lord Dane had the box taken away in the cart is indisputable; that it must have reached the castle appears almost equally indisputable; and also, in my opinion, that it entered it. Where, then, is the box? Lord Dane does not give it up; he either cannot or he will not, one of the two; and the only course of action left to me, the only approach to redress, is to have the castle searched by the police."

"Were those proceedings adopted they would carry with them an outrage, an insult upon Lord Dane," urged the inspector. "You must remember who and what he is—a peer of Great Britain; lord lieutenant of the county; lord of the manor; a man of high character—"

"High character?" interrupted the young gentleman.

"Yes; high character," warmly repeated the inspector, "and very high character, too. What, to the contrary, has ever been breathed against Lord Dane? But it's of no good wandering from the point like this. The fact is, sir, to speak plainly, before we can listen to any charge or slur on Lord Dane, we must know who it is that would prefer it."

"What difference does that make?" inquired Mr. Lydney.

"It makes all the difference," said the keen inspector. "A worthless fellow, a known poacher or smuggler, might come to us with some trumped-up, imaginary complaint against his lordship, and we should show him out at the door for his temerity. But were a gentleman of position and character, such—let us say, for example—as Squire Lester, to bring forward any charge against his lordship, it would carry weight. Now, do you see the distinction?"

"I am a gentleman, if you require that assurance," returned Mr. Lydney, "one entitled to position."

"Can you prove it, sir?"

"You have my word for it," was the haughty answer; "a word that never was doubted yet."

The inspector smiled somewhat broadly. "Words don't go for much in law," said he; "proofs are better. You are an American, I have heard."

"I am an Englishman. That is, of English descent, though born in America. My father's family are of reputation in England, and know how to hold their own."

The inspector's ears were opened an inch wider, and his tongue was ready. "Where do they live? in what part of England? Lydney? Lydney? the name is not familiar to me, as borne by any family of note."

"I cannot give you further information. It is as I have told you, and you must trust to my word."

"But where can be the objection to speak out?" urged the officer.

"That is my business," was the cold, stiff answer.

"Very well, sir," returned the inspector; "you have said just as much as I expected you to say, and no more. You assert that you are somebody grand and great, and when I ask for corroborative proof you decline to give it. Now, *do* you think that any charge from you against my Lord Dane would be listened to?"

Lydney regarded him in silence.

"Perhaps you'll tell me whether you followed any business in America?" pursued the officer.

"I have told you I am a *gentleman*," was the quiet but emphatic answer.

"Will you tell me, then, what your business may be in this neighborhood, and *how long you intend to stop in it?*"

"My business *in the neighborhood!*" echoed Mr. Lydney, "why, did not the sea cast me upon it? As to my remaining—if I choose to remain in it for good, I believe there is no law to prevent me. I can promise you one thing: I don't quit it till the box is found."

"Our conference is at an end, sir," said the inspector. "My time is valuable."

"Am I to understand that the police refuse their assistance to me in my efforts to recover the box?"

"Not at all," more cordially replied the inspector: "we should be very glad to find it, for our own satisfaction. What we decline to do, is, to act in any offensive manner towards Lord Dane. Especially," he pointedly added, "when an unknown stranger, and one who won't declare anything about himself, urges it. But now, sir, I am not ill-natured, and if it will ease your mind at all to know it, I can testify that if you did get the search executed, it would be fruitless, for the box is not in the castle."

"You cannot know that it is not."

"I never testify to a thing that I don't know," coolly returned the officer. "I searched the castle myself for it this day."

"You!"

"I did: searched it effectively and thoroughly: there was not a space the size of that," holding up two fingers of his hand, "that I did not go into. I did it by Lord Dane's wish—for of course it was not an absolute impossibility, though next door to it, that the servants had not made free with the box. It is nowhere in the castle."

To say that Lydney was completely astonished at the information, would be saying little. He had fully made up his mind that the box *was* in the castle.

"Then where can it be? what can have become of it?" he exclaimed aloud.

"I can't say: to my mind, it's a queer business altogether. I don't much like the fact of that Granny Bean's Shad having been close to the cart when it was unloading. That imp would lay his hands on anything he could; and a japanned box, got up from a wreck, would be the very treasure he'd like to finger. Still, that idea does not go for much with me: that he did not carry it off, himself, is certain; first, because he could not, from its weight; next, because I have evidence that when the cart went away empty, he shambled, empty handed, after it."

"You have been collecting evidence upon this loss, I perceive."

"Undoubtedly. When losses take place, whether mysterious or otherwise, it *is* our business to do so. We were yesterday in possession of all the facts—so far as they go."

"And what are your deductions?" was the next eager question. "Can you give a guess at how or where the abstraction took place?"

"Not the faintest. It's as uncertain a case as ever came under our care. We shall keep a sharp look-out. It is your own box, I think you said?" the inspector carelessly added, with a keen, rapid glance of the eye.

"I did not say so," was the unexpected answer. "It was in my charge, and I have authority to claim it: but neither the box nor its contents belonged to me."

"May I inquire whose it was?"

"When the box shall be found," was Mr. Lydney's rejoinder, suppressing a peculiar smile. "You may ask then, and will be satisfactorily answered. Would it be of any use," he resumed, as though the thought had that instant struck him, "to offer a reward?"

"Well, it might," said the inspector. "Particularly if any customer, like that young Shad, should have got hold of it. Yes; a reward might bring the box back."

"Then be so good as to take the necessary steps to announce it. Spare no trouble, no time, no expense: you shall be well repaid."

"Very good, sir. What shall we say? Five pounds?—ten pounds? for the reward, I mean?"

"Offer a thousand pounds," quietly rejoined Mr. Lydney. "A thousand pounds to be paid to any one who shall restore the box intact."

Surprise, and the munificent amount, both combined, sent the inspector staggering backwards.

"A thousand pounds!" he stammered. "The box must be valuable, sir, and you rich to offer that."

"The box, to its owner, is invaluable," replied Mr. Lydney. "And the reward I offer, would be paid from his pocket, not from mine."

He quitted the station-house as he concluded, and the inspector followed him to the door, and looked after him down the street.

"I said it was queer, and it is," was his mental comment. "A thousand pounds!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BATTLE ROYAL. A WOOD.

Mr. Lydney walked down the street slowly, his brain working. The inspector's information of having searched the castle by Lord Dane's orders, astonished him much; and he began to ask himself whether he was justified in assuming that Lord Dane had been the wilful delinquent. The train of thought led him to glance at others connected with the affair, especially young Shad. Could it be that that young gentleman had succeeded in blinding him, and was he the real thief? or the assistant of the thieves? Verily he began to doubt it.

Somewhat impulsive in what he did, he determined on the instant to seek out Shad, and question him again; a glance too cunning, or a word too sharp, might betray Shad's share in it. He was not quite sure of the road that would conduct him to Granny Bean's, but believed it was the one that skirted the wood, leading past the cottage of Wilfred Lester, and he took it.

"I believe now I ought to have turned down by Miss Bordillion's," he soliloquized, as he arrived opposite Wilfred's residence, and halted. "Suppose I ask?"

Opening the gate, he walked up the little garden, where something occurred that startled him considerably. The door was stealthily unlatched, and he was pounced upon by a tall female, and dragged towards the dark passage.

"Thanks be to the stars that you're come!" apostrophized she, in a covert whisper.—"Now it's of no use your being angry and struggling to get off; I've had you in my arms when you were a baby, and I know what's right and what's wrong. There's a whisper abroad that the poachers are out to-night, and if the keepers have got inkling of it there'll be a conflict. You shan't go, then, master; you are killing your wife outright—sooner a deal than she'd go of her own natural ailments, for she is beginning to suspect, and lies in dread. Have you no pity for her, Mr. Wilfred? Come in, and let me bar the door, and then you, at any rate, will be in safety."

"My good woman," he exclaimed, as soon as he had breath to speak, for she had held him in a tight grip, "for whom do you take me? I am Mr. Lydney. Is your master at home?"

The servant fell against the wall like one turned stupid, and he had to repeat his question.

"I'm just a fool and nothing else!" cried she, speaking in a light tone, to cover—Lydney thought—her agitation. "I was expecting a friend to call upon me, and thought it was him—and I'm sure I ask your pardon, sir. Master? no, sir, I don't think he is in."

"Never mind, I merely troubled his house to ask a question. Which way will take me to the hut of Granny Bean?"

"Straight on, sir, to the right. When you come to the triangle, turn down the field, and you'll see it. A little low cottage all by itself at the back of the wood. Once again, sir, I beg your pardon, and I hope you'll never talk about the mistake, or what I said or did?"

"Not I," laughed Mr. Lydney. "Make my compliments to your master."

So he had been on the right road, after all; and a few minutes brought him to Granny Bean's cottage. It appeared to be closely shut up, and he might have imagined its inmates, Granny and Shad, had retired to rest, but for the commotion that was taking place within. Now rose an old woman's voice in shrill shrieks of rage, now Shad's in shriller whines. Mr. Lydney knocked, on the door and on the shutters, but little chance was there of his being heard while the noise lasted.

"You infamous young dog," raved she, with a profuse sprinkling of worse language, which the reader may imagine if he pleases, but which certainly will not be transcribed, "to go and rob your old granny of her hard-earned savings! You'll come to the gallows you will."

"'Taint yourn," returned Shad, his denial intermixed with similar embellishments of speech. "The new gemman give it me for telling him about the box, and I'll take my oath to it. Come, you! han't it over."

"Oh, you wicked sarpint! as if any gemman 'ud go and give *you* a whole silver sixpence! Now, will you be off? You ought to have been on the watch a good half hour ago."

"No, I wun't," said Shad's voice. "I wun't go on the watch, and I wun't stir any wheres till I gets my sixpence."

The old woman appeared to be beating him, or he her, by the scuffling sound and the shrieks. "I'll tell Miss Tiffle, I'll tell Miss Tiffle!" the old voice reiterated.

"Miss Tiffle may be hanged, and you with her!" gasped Shad, as the commotion grew worse and worse. Mr. Lydney had no doubt they were fighting and struggling for possession of the sixpence. He feared some injury might be done, and he gave a thundering peal at the shutters, enough to awaken their alarm, just as a loud shout of triumph from Shad seemed to proclaim that victory and the sixpence had declared themselves for him.

Total silence supervened; the knock had startled them. Mr. Lydney thundered again. But still he remained unanswered. He could hear some stealthy movements inside, accompanied by the hasty shutting of a door, and he knocked once more, louder than ever.

It brought forth the head of the woman to a window on the right. The cottage had two rooms, both on the ground floor, a window in each. She opened the shutters and thrust her face through the aperture, reconnoitering; a red and wrinkled face, surmounted by a cap in tatters, probably—the tatters—the result of the recent conflict, the whole shaking as if suffering from palsy.

"Have you been committing murder here?" demanded Mr. Lydney.

"I was a saying of my prayers out loud, if that's murder," returned the dame. "What now? what do you mean?"

The bold assertion took away his self-possession for a moment. Where was the profit of bandying words with such a woman? "I want Shad," he resumed.

"Shad! I can't go for to disturb him from his rest to-night. Shad's abed and asleep."

"Why, you audacious old creature!" he could not help exclaiming. "I wonder you don't fear a judgment for falsehoods so deliberate. You and Shad have just been at it, tooth and nail, fighting after a sixpence. Let me tell you the sixpence is his, for I gave it him."

"Now did you indeed, sir!" was the bland answer, the tone changing as if by magic, "what a dear, good, generous gentleman you must be! You haven't got another about you, to bestow in charity upon a poor, lone, wretched, half-starved widder, have you? I'd remember you in my prayers ever after, I would."

"If I had fifty, I would not give you the shadow of one; and I don't imagine your prayers will do yourself much good, let alone anybody else. I want Shad, I say."

"Oh, sir, dear sir, you are a joking; perhaps another time you'll remember me. I'd be everlasting grateful, if 'twas only a few poor coppers."

"Do you hear me ask for Shad?" interrupted Mr. Lydney. "Send him out to me; or open the door that I may get to him."

"Shad's abed and asleep, which I'll swear to, and I daredn't break into his night's rest," was the impudent answer. "A delicate child, as he is, and the stay and staff o' my life; if I was to lose him, I should die of grief. Come any time in the morning, sir, when his night's rest's over, and you're welcome. I tucked him up, the darling, a hour ago in his little bed, and a sweet sleep he dropped off into."

"Of all the extraordinary characters, I think you must be the worst!" uttered Mr. Lydney. "Shad's no more in bed than I am. I heard your conflict, I tell you. These false assertions sound perfectly awful from a woman at your time of life."

"Strange noises is heard outside this hut, at times, folks have said so afore. It's the witches a playing in the air, I fancy; and it's them you must have heard; unless it was me at my prayers."

"Will you send out Shad?"

"I'm sure I'd obleege you in any ways but that, such a nice gentleman as you seem to be; but I wouldn't wake up my poor sickly gran'child for anything; no, not if you offered me fifty sixpences."

Giving a good-night to Granny Bean, more emphatic than polite, Mr. Lydney strode away. He must put off seeing Shad till the morning. He did not return to the road, but went to the back of the cottage, where he believed he should find a path leading through the wood, and that would be the nearest way to the Sailor's Rest. Curiosity induced him to turn round and look at the cottage, and there he saw a door; so Master Shad and his granny had ingress and egress by back and by front.

Pursuing the path, which was there as he had expected, Mr. Lydney sped on with a smart step, buried in thought. It was a starlight night; though few stars penetrated to the wood path; nevertheless, it was not wholly dark. He had arrived at about the midst of the wood, where the trees were thickest, when a sound, as of one pushing through the thick brambles, caught his ear. Having been told that certain suspicious characters did sometimes lurk in that wood, Mr. Lydney drew close to the trees to see who might be approaching.

It was Wilfred Lester. Panting, eager, excited, he came tearing on, at a right angle with Lydney, where no path seemed to be. He crossed the path by a bound, penetrated the trees on its opposite side, and went pushing on, as though he were making straight for home, and clearing a way to get to it.

Mr Lydney remained immovable. Not looking after him, for the trees prevented that, but wondering what his appearance could mean. That Wilfred was in excessive agitation was apparent, and involuntarily certain mysterious words, spoken by the servant when she had so unceremoniously made a prisoner of him, rose to the recollection of Mr. Lydney. He was, as the saying runs, "putting that and that together," and by no means liking the appearance of things, when another movement, one far more stealthy, attracted his attention.

Stealing out into the path in the trail left by Wilfred Lester, came Mr. Shad, like a young hound scenting its prey. Once in the path, he made a dead stoppage, unconscious that any eye or ear was near him.

"He's tored home to his lair," soliloquized he, aloud, looking at the spot where Wilfred Lester had disappeared. "No good to track him again to-night. I'll go and tell her now."

Mr. Lydney had stretched out his hand to lay it on the boy, but a second impulse prompted him to hesitate. Far better, himself, track this erratic gentleman, and discover, if possible, what treason was being hatched. That some plot was again against Wilfred Lester, and probably against others, Mr. Lydney felt convinced. He also felt pretty nearly convinced of another thing: that Wilfred was hatching enough mischief of his own accord, against himself; but that was no reason why Shad should augment it into more.

Shad flew along the path, in the direction opposite to Granny Bean's, and when near [illegible] the trees to [illegible] brought him to the w[illegible] close to the back of Squire Lester's. Mr. Lydney followed him: tall and slender, he could penetrate the trees as well as Shad, and when Shad stopped he stopped.

Shad was in his favorite attitude, twined, just like a snake, round one of the outer trees' thin stem, gazing in expectation at the open space before him. Mr. Lydney halted sufficiently near to see and hear: he wondered who the "her" was to whom Shad was bound. Having had experience by this time of the insatiable nature of Madame Ravensbird's curiosity, a half suspicion crossed his mind that she might be the audience expected by Shad. Not so, however.

A female of stealthy and ambling gait, not unlike Shad's own, appeared, somewhat mysteriously, in that open space. She could not have sprung from the ground, like the sprites do in pantomimes, therefore it was fair to infer that she had emerged from some back door of Squire Lester's. Shad gave a soft whistle, and the lady came tripping up to it. It was Tiffie.

"Well?" cried she.

"He's a gone right home," answered Shad. "When I got up to 'em, they was a having hot words, him and Beecher and Drake, and another; I thought it were Ben Nicholson, but I wouldn't swear it. He was a blowing of 'em up—"

"Ben Nicholson was blowing 'em up?" interrupted Tiffie.

"How stupid you be!" snapped Shad.—"Lester. He was a blowing the three men up for wanting to go right where they know'd the keepers 'ud be, and he got in a passion, a swearing he wouldn't jine in nothing that might bring bloodshed, and back he went, a cutting right through the thick of the bushes. I followed after him till he cut over the cross path, our'n, and into the bushes ayond it. I know'd then that gone home he was for sartin. I say, where'll be the pull o' my dodging him, if he's a going to take to shirking?"

Tiffie had listened in silence.

"How did they ferret out where the keepers would be?" asked she.

"Can't tell," said Shad. "I only got up at the tail o' their confab. I didn't hear nothing of what they'd been a saying afore."

"Then you were late; and a wicked, inattentive, good-for-nothing—"

Shad began to whimper.

"If I was late, it were granny's fault, Mrs. Tiffie. She set on me and a'most killed me. You should be hid in the oven or somewhere, and see her in her tantrums, you'd not believe it was anything but Old Nick's mother let loose. Look here! here's where she bited me, and here's where she scratted me, and clutches of my hair she tored out by han'fula."

Shad exhibited various damaged spots about his face and arms, and let fall a shower of dolorous tears. Tiffie—somewhat to the surprise of Mr. Lydney, who had recognized her for Lady Adelaide's maid—was remarkably demonstrative in her condolences. She grasped Shad tenderly in her arms, and kissed the places fervently with her own lips.

"Granny's a regular hyenia when she's put up," cried she. "But I'll be even with her. What did she do it for?"

"She have got the nastiest, slyest ways," returned Shad, who appeared not to relish the embrace so much as Tiffie did, and wriggled himself from it as soon as he possibly could. "She dives into my pockets and into anything, she do, and to-night she found a sixpence in 'em, and she set on and swored it were hern, and that I'd robbed her on't, and she grabbed it from me, and—my! wasn't there a shindy! and such a row came to the shutters amid it. I grabbed it again, though," concluded the gentleman, with glee, as he took out the bright sixpence and exhibited it to Tiffie.

Tiffie did not look at it with equanimity. She took the same view of its possession that Granny Bean had done—though whether granny had really believed that it was stolen from her, or that she put forth the plea to gain possession of it, cannot be told.

"You little divil!" apostrophised Tiffie, her affectionate mood changing. "If you begin to hoard money, you'll end your days a working in gangs and irons. Now you tell me where you stole that."

"If ever I see the like! you're as bad as granny," whined the boy. "I might as well be a dog what's mad, and be roped-up at once? That there sixpence was given me by a gemman; gived out and out."

"Give for what?" sharply responded Tiffie.

"Give for telling about his box. It's that one what's stopping at the Sailor's Rest. He asked—did I see the things took up to the castle gates, and I said I see'em, and then he said if I'd tell him the truth and no lie, whether the box went into the castle or not, I should get a sixpence, and I did, and he give it me."

"Did you see the box took in?" quickly asked Tiffie."

"What should ail me?" responded Shad. "I were there a watching."

"And it was took right in?"

"It was took right in," answered Shad, his eyes glistening, "as right in as ever anything was took into that castle yet. Them two maid-ler's chaps carried of it, like they did the 'tother lots, and that big Mr. Bruff a followed of 'em. Not as he seemed to be taking much heed, hisself. I telled the gemman this, and he give me the sixpence."

"Shad, you must keep your eyes open upon him, that Lydney, as well as upon Will Lester," was Tiffie's next remark. "Ferret out all about him, where he goes, and what he does; he's in this wood sometimes, I know; find out what for. He looks like a gentlemin; but he may be one of them gentlemin what comes to places to be after watches, and chains, and rings. You find out; I've got my reasons. And be sure mark it if you see him with Miss Lester."

Mr. Lydney, from his hiding place, felt infinitely obliged to her.

"And now, there's no more to be done to-night, as he has hooked it off home," proceeded the refined Tiffie. "So you get back again as quick as you can, and get to bed."

She turned away towards the Hall; Shad turned towards the path that would lead him to Granny Bean's: and Mr. Lydney remained where he was till the echo of their footsteps should die away.

Scarcely had Tiffie gone many yards, however, when she met Lord Dane, in the angle made by the side of the Hall; to the right was the back entrance; to the left, the front. Tiffie was speeding on to the former; Lord Dane was coming from the latter, and they came in contact.

"Is it you, Tiffie," cried his lordship, gaily. "Enjoying a ramble by starlight?"

"Oh, my lord, you are pleased to joke," simpered Tiffie; "my days for starlighted rambles is over. I leave 'em for the young now, my lord; I've had my turn. Last night I see Miss Lester walking cosy in the starlight—the evening star was out, at any rate, if 'twasn't late enough for the others—and I thought how romintic it was; it put me in mind of my own sentamintel days, my lord. There was a gentlemin by her side; him that the wreck cast up.

Had it been daylight, instead of starlight, Tiffie would scarcely have presumed to fix her eyes so keenly upon Lord Dane; she believed she had thrown out a shaft that would take.

"Wrecks cast up rogues as well as gentlemen," responded his lordship, in a stern, displeased tone. "A man, whom nobody knows, is scarcely one to be walking by starlight with Miss Lester."

"Just the very reflection that occurred to myself, my lord," acquiesced Tiffie, complacently. "And says I to myself, 'I'll keep a sharp look out over you, young man, for Miss Lester's sake, if you presumes to approach too near of her.' And so I shall, my lord."

"Quite right, Tiffie," cried his lordship, warmly. And as they parted company, a golden sovereign was left in Tiffie's hand.

This appeared to be a night prolific in adventures and encounters. Before Mr. Lydney had well removed from his hiding-place, he found himself face to face with a man, a youngish man, who was dragging himself, covertly through the wood. He appeared alarmingly startled at the encounter, and leveled his gun at Mr. Lydney.

"Hallos, my man, what's that for?" cried the latter, unmoved. "Do you take me for a cut-throat?"

"If you don't say who you are, and what you are doing here, I'll shoot you," was the reply.

"I feel infinitely obliged to you. Have you any more right to be in the wood than I have? I should be glad to know."

Mr. Lydney spoke with courtesy, and the man could not fail to remark that his voice was that of a gentleman. *He* had feared a keeper.

"You were posted there to watch me," he exclaimed.

"Nay," said Mr. Lydney, "I may with equal reason reverse the accusation, and say you were watching me. I don't know who you are; I never saw you in my life that I know of; and my time is more valuable than to be wasted in looking after strangers, if yours is not. You must have escaped from a lunatic asylum."

The man let fall his gun. He had been peering at Mr. Lydney as well as the obscurity around allowed him, and at last made out that he was not a foe; at all events, not a known one.

"I ask your pardon for my haste," he said; "I thought you were somebody else. The fact is, nobody but suspicious characters are ever prowling in the wood so late as this, unless it's them drafted keepers, who are ever ready to swear an innocent man's life away."

Mr. Lydney laughed. Young man like, he had no objection to a spice of adventure, and he was naturally of a kindly, affable disposition; if he could do no good to a fellow creature he would not do him harm.

"Are you aware of the insinuation against yourself which that last speech implied? 'Nobody but suspicious characters.' I conclude you mean poachers. Poachers and keepers. Well, I am neither the one nor the other. If you choose to beat about this wood, or any other part of Danesheld, from January till December, carrying a gun in one hand and snare nets in the other, you are welcome, for all the business it is of mine. Were they my preserves, it would be a different matter."

"You won't go and say to-morrow that you dropped upon me here with a gun?"

"I should be clever to say it, seeing I know you neither by sight nor name. But if you prefer a specific promise, you may take it. Life is short enough, my man, for the little good we can accomplish, without passing it in doing gratuitous injury to others."

The man liked the tones, and liked the words: he could not account for it, but his heart opened to the speaker, as it had not opened of late years.

"I think, sir, you are the gentleman stopping at the Sailor's Rest, whose box is missing."

"The same," replied Mr. Lydney.

"I nearly got into trouble over that box yesterday. I happened to be passing the castle on my way to my home, as the cart was unloading, and I halted a few minutes and looked on. Them keen police heard of it, and had me up to the station: whether they thought I had walked it off, or had seen anybody else walk it off, I don't know. I laughed at 'em. Young Shad and two or three more urchins could testify that I didn't go near enough to touch anything on the cart."

"You must have heard the box described," rejoined Mr. Lydney. "Did you see it?"

"I did not see it, sir, to my knowledge or recollection. But if—as I hear—it was underneath the rest of the things, I was not likely to. I stopped but a few minutes, and they had but just begun to unload."

"You cannot give a guess as to where it is gone, or who took it?" resumed Mr. Lydney, a thought occurring to him.

"No, that I can't. I have not thought much about it. That Shad's as ready fingered as a magpie, but they say it was too heavy for him to lift."

"I would give a good reward, if it were restored to me, untampered with," resumed Mr. Lydney.

"Would you, though?" quickly rejoined the poacher, as if the sound were music to his ears.

"Fifty guineas."

"Fifty guineas!" uttered the man, as much astonished as the inspector had been.

"Fifty guineas, and no questions asked. Provided it were restored to me before midday to-morrow. After that, a different offer may be made, *and* questions asked, pretty sharp ones."

"By Jingo! that's worth looking after," exclaimed the man. "I know a fellow or two, who *have* done a little in the fingering one, sir, and I'll—I'll be on to them. If I can hear of the box you shall have it on those terms. Honor bright, though."

"Honor bright, on the word of a gentleman. The fifty guineas shall be paid, and no inquiries made. I fancied you might perhaps hear of it among your friends."

Little cared Mr. Ben Beecher—for it was no other—for the last delicate insinuation: indeed, it may be questioned if he heard it. A golden vision had been opened to him, and in that he was absorbed.

But the two, so strangely met, were not to part without observation. Lord Dane, in walking away from his conference with Tiffie, heard the sound of voices, and began to peer about him for the purpose of ascertaining who their owners might be. His lordship's thoughts were directed to poachers.

He saw Mr. Ben Beecher, the latter passing out of the wood close to Lord Dane. But no sooner had he passed out than he passed in again, penetrating to Lydney.

"I'm afraid it's of no use saying to-morrow at midday, sir: there'll not be sufficient time for what I shall want to do, and the people I must see. Say twenty-four hours from this, and I have little doubt I can hear of it, and bring it. I would meet you here, too, by ourselves: I'd rather not go to the Sailor's Rest."

"Very well," replied Mr. Lydney, after considering, "I will give you the extra time. In this same spot," he added, after a pause; "to-morrow night, at the same time."

Now the last sentence, only the last, appointing the meeting, reached the ears of Lord Dane, for Lydney raised his voice that it might catch Beecher's ear, who was again departing.

"Who can the speaker be?" thought Lord Dane: "the voice does not seem unfamiliar. I'll be down upon you, my gentlemen, to-morrow night."

Lydney! His lordship stared with all his eyes as Lydney came forth to view, and walked away.

"Then he *is* a bad character, and a poacher to boot!" muttered Lord Dane.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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A NEW NOVELET.

We commence in the present paper a new novelet, the opening chapters of which promise a very powerful and interesting narrative. It is written by a gentleman whose productions have met with exceeding favor in the old world. We trust our readers will call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to the powerful series of stories which we are now publishing. The beginning of

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE,

is an excellent time for new subscribers to enrol their names upon our books. To those old subscribers who are willing to aid us in increasing our list, we offer elsewhere some new inducements, in the shape of two works of great value.

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Both of these works lie constantly upon our own table, and we are in the habit of making frequent reference to them. In fact, they are just what we have said, works that no one should be without.

Very many enterprising young men or young women could start out and get five new two dollar subscribers for THE POST in a short time,—and entitle themselves to either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer (whichever they might choose) as a Premium. And the opening of the new story of VIOLET would be just the time to do it.

AN UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.

The readers of THE POST will be charitable enough to attribute any short-comings (if there should be such) in the matter of the paper this week—and any long-comings in the reception of it—to a disastrous fire which occurred in the building in which our newspaper press is situated. Of course all our printing affairs will be put into proper order again at the earliest possible moment.

Our thanks are due to the fire department, not only for the energy shown in managing the flames, but for the discretion shown in managing the water. The streams from the engines not only were put where they were wanted, but they were not put where they were not wanted. For this care we are duly thankful—for while our job office was covered by insurance, a useless flood of water would have inconvenienced us greatly in our business, and inflicted needless loss upon the insurance companies.

We regret very much to say that three gentlemen, Messrs. Robert B. Warner, Charles Newkirk, and Gavin Clark, all members of the Hope Hose Company, were injured at the fire by the falling of a ladder; Mr. Warner being quite seriously injured. We earnestly hope that they may speedily recover from their injuries.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Italy again grows profoundly interesting. Before the revolt of a whole nation, the King of Naples has fled—intending, as is now supposed, to seek an asylum in Spain. Garibaldi—one of the born Kings of men—takes up the reins of empire let fall by the trembling Bourbon, and holds them in the name of Victor Emmanuel. Louis Napoleon professes to be displeased at what is taking place—perhaps may be really displeased—but probably dare not interfere to prevent it. It is questionable whether even the popular King of Sardinia himself, or his popular Minister Count Cavour, or even the Man for the Hour, the hope of Italy, Garibaldi, "last of Romans,"—or all united—could arrest that popular torrent which now flows with the weight and the majesty of an ocean tide.

And yet we can hardly credit it, that Italy is, at last, to be United and Free. After so many hard struggles—and even half-victories, so many thorough defeats. If it is indeed to be so, what a lesson it will prove to the despondent, the faint-hearted, the world over. Truly, if it be so, the world will begin to believe, what it had almost concluded to disbelieve, that

> "Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

And the Papacy! that Tower of Strength which has withstood the wildest buffetings of the mad waves of civil discord and foreign strife for so many centuries—what of that? While Roman Catholic readers may smile in the assuredness of their faith, and say proudly the Papal column will still stand, they cannot wonder at those of another creed, who look on from month to month, and year to year, and ask each other, is the end yet?—for probably all Protestants believe that the fall of the Papacy is merely a question of time.

The King of Sardinia pledges himself to "respect the seat of the Chief of the Church"—Louis Napoleon in strengthening the French forces at Rome, also probably means to uphold the Papal rule so far as Rome itself is concerned; but Garibaldi says that the annexation will be completed "when he can proclaim it from the top of the Quirinal," and it may be as impossible to say to the wave of Revolution, as it surges up to the walls of Rome, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," as Canute found it to enforce the same command upon the encroaching waves of the ocean.

Besides Rome is to Italy even more than London is to England, or Paris is to France.

Not long, it may be safely predicted, will a United Italy agree to being debarred from that sacred seat of Empire. Rome must be the seat of government for Free Italy, for no nation can long debar itself from such traditions, political and religious, as cluster around the venerable majesty of that City of Cæsars and of Popes. Nothing, it appears to us, but foreign domination will preserve the temporal power of the Pope in Rome, if Italy becomes one nation.

And then as to Venice. All the rest of Italy united, a war, if necessary, for the expulsion of Austria from Venetia, becomes inevitable. Italy is pledged to it—and no influence of King or Commoner, of Victor Emmanuel or Garibaldi, would suffice to do more than put off for a time the hour of action. For there is a logical sequence in all these movements which cannot be prevented except by striking at the heart of the movement itself. Therefore, with the Italians, it must be, All Italy, or nothing.

Whether such a war could be confined to Italy and Austria—or whether other Powers would feel impelled to take part on one side and the other—is a matter of great uncertainty. England and France could scarcely array themselves against Italy—Prussia scarcely against either England or Austria.

Well, the Future is amply able to solve its own riddles. One thing we know, that its solutions concern matters of the highest interest. Italy, Rome, the Papacy—what three words have taken a firmer hold upon the thoughts and imaginations of men! They are links of connection between the Great Past and the Greater Present. All that concerns them concerns the civilized world. The Prophecies turn upon them. Let us await the result, knowing that it can scarcely be aught than good—for what is of men will ultimately come to naught, and what is of God cannot really be overthrown.

THE NEWS IN SYRIA.

Sufficient allowance probably has not been made by many readers, for the distorted reports of great political events which circulate among the heathen nations. A French missionary, who was at Damascus, previous to the recent massacre there, and who has passed many years among the Eastern tribes, has addressed a long letter to a French journal, respecting this matter. M. Jules Ferrette, the missionary alluded to, says:—

During the Sepoy mutiny there was imminent danger that the massacres which have just now taken place in Syria might have occurred. The Syrian tribes believed that the Mahommedans of India had invaded the British frontier and had pillaged our capital—London. The British Queen and her Viziers had been driven away, and had taken refuge at Constantinople. Russia was asking for their extradition, in order to inflict upon them condign punishment for recent transactions in the Crimea. The Sultan, however, could not readily be moved *to grant the humble petition of the Russian Emperor, because it had been represented to him that not long* since, when the Russians were troublesome, the British Queen had displayed great alacrity in sending an army and a fleet to the assistance of the lawful suzerain at Constantinople. For this service, and for similar services, Queen Victoria, the French Emperor, and the King of Sardinia had been relieved for the space of three years from the necessity of paying the tribute which is due from all infidel vassals to the Commander of the Faithful. Opinions were divided in Syria as to the policy of this act of clemency, but the inclination of Syrian judgment was against the course taken by the Sultan. All the zealots, all the men whom we should describe as "earnest politicians," thought that the Sultan had made a mistake, and that the moment had arrived for utterly exterminating the infidels—even as it had been done in India.—The bombardment of Djedda occurred at a very opportune moment, and somewhat modified the tone of public opinion.

We cannot wonder, in view of such perverted information, that the "faithful" in Turkey should blame the Sultan somewhat for not utterly rooting out "the infidels," as they politely term all Christians, and take the business into their own hands.

RATHER PERSONAL.

The "religious" papers, we think, even equal the "political" ones sometimes, in the bitter personality of their controversies. Read the following, which we extract from a recent number of one of them, for instance:—

A weekly cotemporary, the *Methodist*, but very recently established, begins its editorial life in a manner that causes suspicion with regard to its future career. It has already learned to say what is not the truth, and the ——— was the object of very gross misrepresentation in one of the *Methodist's* late issues. We care very little what the *Methodist* may say of us, but we feel bound to warn it that it is entering on a bad path. *Let it not forget that an untruth was the Rev. J. S. Harden's first step in crime, and he fell by little and little until he ended his life on the gallows.*

That last is *good*, decidedly so, in a certain sense—but it seems to us just a little (to say the least) uncharitable.

THE "TIMES" AHEAD OF ITSELF.—Mr. Woods, the correspondent of the *London Times*, while at Quebec, with the royal party, received a package from home directed as follows:—

"N. A. Woods, Esq., *Quebec, United States*! From the London *Times* Office, Printing House Square."

This is doubtless a case of involuntary prophecy—which is always the surest kind. The "*Times*," if not right now, will be right one of these days. It is only a little ahead of itself (*the times.*)

☞ A minister's wife says:—"The first time I took my eldest boy to church, when he was two years and a-half old, I managed, with caresses and frowns and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed to his feet, and stood on the seat, looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed, in a distinct voice, "Mamma, make papa say Amen!"

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THE HORSE RAILWAY CONDUCTOR.

The midnight has long gone by,
The cocks have begun to crow,
When weary and worn with faltering step,
Home doth the conductor go—
To sleep six hours to refresh his powers,
For the body needs rest, you know.

Scarce have the six hours elapsed,
Ere the clothes are donned again,
When back to his car he patiently goes,
Oft fasting, and in the rain—
For a moment late would seal his fate,
Or lessen his *weakly* gain.

On the monotonous road,
Backward and forward he rides,
With curses and growls of a heedless crowd,
And his time to make besides—
For along the walk doth a *spotter* stalk,
From whom all woe betides.

When the bell doth toll at noon,
That labor may seek repast,
He must take his chance at a dusty crust,
For he's hired to ride and fast;
And crust tho' it be should the spotter see,
His pencil would hold aghast.

The wife and the children home,
Poor father, you seldom see,
For their waking hours are your sleeping time—
No time for mirth or glee;
Home joys you must spurn, their bread to earn,
Bread of the bond, not free.

Ride on, oh, conductor, ride!
Life's but a devious way,
Tho' *spotted thy fate in this selfish world,*
It will not be so alway—
In the spiritual car, the wages by far,
Exceed twelve shillings a day!

☞ It makes us proud when our love of a woman is returned; it ought to make us prouder still when we can love her for herself alone, without the aid of any selfish reflection. This is the religion of love.

☞ MAY I NOT DO WHAT I WILL WITH MY OWN?—Lord Erskine, the famous lawyer, replied properly to that argument when he smartly struck a capitalist who used this argument with his cane. "What do you mean by that?" said the capitalist to Lord Erskine. "May I not do what I like with my own?" was the reply.

☞ "Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?" "Well, the fact is, I was getting short of shirts."

☞ JULY WITH JOHN BULL.—Cold Party—"Hullo, Jones! did you ever know such a summer as this?" Wrapped-up Party—"Yes—last winter."

☞ WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned.

☞ Certain trifling flaws sit as disgracefully on a character of elegance as a ragged button on a court dress.

☞ The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to his duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.

☞ Would you cure or kill an evil prejudice? Manage it as you would a pulling horse, tickle it as you would a trout, treat it as you would the most headstrong thing in the world, and the readiest to take alarm, the likeliest to slip through your fingers at the moment you think you have got it safe, and are just about to make an end of it.

☞ A gentleman thought that charity sermons should be curtailed. His limit was half an hour, and for every five minutes beyond he struck out a portion of what he intended to give.

☞ SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.—Shakspeare's will is tied up in one sheet with those of Milton and Napoleon, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons, London. In the will of the Bard of Avon is an interlineation of his own handwriting:—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrd, July 22, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. That of Napoleon is signed with a bold hand; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

☞ In reading a sporting paper, a lad found the letters P. R. (prize ring,) and asked his father what they meant. The old gentleman replied: "Pugnacious Ruffianism."

☞ A butcher suggests the very sensible idea, that if certain people would exercise as much caution in regard to their drink, as they do concerning their meat, there would be a decline in the price of *bad liquor.*

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

NUMBER SIX.

ZERMATT, Sept. 8, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

One must have gone through the ordeal of "a wet season" in Switzerland, to know of what the skies are capable in the way of rain. First of all come the delicate little cloud-wreaths that float so gracefully about the tops of the mountains, sinking ever lower and lower down their sides, and followed in their slow descent by larger and larger masses of vapor, that creep along the face of the hills, shrouding the summits, nestling into the hollows, and gradually filling the entire valley, shutting out every object save those immediately around one, and reducing the entire horizon to a gray blank of rain. And what rain! Steady, patient, resolute, persistent, like the character of the people on whom it inflicts itself. The moment the rain comes on in Switzerland, you find yourself involuntarily doubting whether it will ever stop. The natives, who certainly ought to be web-footed, seem to think nothing of it; but walk, work, and even sit on the soaking grass, as if rain were the most natural thing in the world, and soaking the normal condition of their existence. The working-clothes of the Swiss peasants are so constantly rained upon that all color seems to have been taken out of them years ago. They wear very thick, coarse, cloth jackets, and trowsers of a similar texture, enormously thick leather shoes, the soles of which are stuck full of great iron nails, and cream-bowl felt hats, which they take off and shake with most philosophic tranquillity whenever their turned up rims become inconveniently full of water. Thick as are their clothes, however, the rain contrives to penetrate them, in which case they usually take off their coats and carry them on their arms.

Swiss flowers seem to mind the rain as little as Swiss people, or as Swiss cows that stand contentedly grazing in a pouring storm that seems as though bent on washing the very hairs from their backs. But the Swiss hay seems to share the predilection for sunshine common to its kind; and as, according to Murray, "in this lovely land, one summer in four is fine, two are dubious, and one is bad," it follows that hay can seldom be dried on the ground as in the rest of the world, and accordingly the meadows are full of high racks, formed of the boles of young firs, stripped of their branches, and planted sloppingly in the soil, in a double row, leaning one against the other, with horizontal bars between them, on which bars the dripping herbage is hung to dry at its leisure; while in smaller nooks and corners, the grass is made up, as soon as cut, into great bundles, and perched on the top of short poles, stuck into the ground at short intervals, as wanted, and left to convert itself into hay as it best can between the showers. *What with the masses* of flowers that cover the earth in this country, scarcely leaving the grass a chance of finding a foothold, and the perpetual soaking it undergoes while trying to dry, it would seem that Swiss hay must be unique in its way, and that animals accustomed to eat it, would hardly recognize as hay the corresponding production of any other part of the world, *and vice versa.*

Indifferent as the Swiss are to rain, they are very well provided with umbrellas; enormous machines covered with stout cotton, with thick cane ribs, and great clumsy handles not unlike those of the swords of the Dark Ages.

When I first caught sight of an open Swiss umbrella, I somewhat astonished the rest of our party by uttering a rejoicing "Eureka!" being seized with a sudden fit of delight, despite the regrets occasioned by the unwelcome apparition of the rain, at beholding the practical solution of a difficulty which had tormented me hopelessly ever since I was old enough to carry one of these too-generally useful appendages. The ordinary umbrella being round, with the handle in the middle of it, the centre of shelter is necessarily thrown a good way outside the centre of the holder; a portion of its sheltering capacity is thus wasted on one side, while on the opposite side, the person of the holder is left exposed. How to contrive an umbrella so that it should shelter equally every side of its holder has been a query which I have vainly endeavored to answer to my own satisfaction every time it has been my lot to "promenade myself," as the French say, under one of those one-sided, partial, and unsatisfactory inventions. Now this most reasonable and desirable condition, the subject of so much profound but unsuccessful cogitation on my part, and probably on that of many others, has been solved with equal simplicity and success in the Swiss umbrellas, whose ribs, though all of the same length, are so contrived that, when the umbrella is opened, one side of it is rounded and drawn downwards, like umbrellas elsewhere, while the other side opens out nearly flat, and consequently projects much farther over the holder, who thus finds himself—provided he turns the umbrella so that the flat side is brought over the arm which does *not* hold it—in the centre of the shelter of the umbrella (such as it is!) and equally protected on all sides. I am sorry to be obliged to add that my enthusiastic satisfaction at witnessing this beautiful result of umbrella-engineering was somewhat diminished by the fact that the good Switzers, all of whose umbrellas are constructed on this excellent plan of compensation, appeared to pay not the slightest heed to the carriage of their locomotive roofs, holding them so carelessly, that during my whole stay in the country, with the rain coming down, incessantly, three days out of four, I never saw the straight side of the umbrella turned the right way, except in the case of one remarkably ugly old woman, a mere bundle of shapeless and colorless wrappings, who carried her cumbrous old spread in the correctest possible manner, protecting herself so equally all round, that a Duchess—if deprived of her carriage and unfortunately compelled to take a walk in the rain—might have envied the completeness and impartiality of the shelter her petticoats were enjoying.

This famous idea of the flat-sided umbrellas seems to have been suggested to the Swiss by the shape of their projecting roofs which—as their houses for the most part, turn their gable-ends to the road, and have an outside corridor across one end—are almost always thrown out much farther on one side than on the other, in order to shelter the outside gallery or passage just alluded to. The inclination of the roof is thus very seldom the same on both sides of the house, its apex being generally a good way from the centre of the building; the apparent onesidedness thus produced, though repaid, as in the case of the umbrellas, by increased convenience of shelter, giving to them both so comical an appearance that it is difficult to look at either without laughing.

But, however interesting the contemplation of the useful objects just described, it is very easy to have too much of it; and after losing more days than I care to reckon up in vain aspirations after fair weather, we determined to cross the St. Gothard in spite of the rain, and to make a rapid descent into Italy, to see whether sunshine was to be had to the south of the cloudy region of the Alps.

The rain was descending mildly and steadily when we left, scarcely allowing us to see enough of the glorious lake of Lucerne, on which lay the first part of our way, to bid it adieu till some more propitious season should tempt us again to its shores. On quitting the steamer at Fluellen, at the end of the lake, the weather seemed inclined to smile on our flight, and we passed through the various scenes of Tell's immortal exploits with strong hopes of sunshine. Unhappily these were not fulfilled. The glorious glacier-crowned valley along which you begin the ascent of this magnificent pass, became filled with a dense mass of cloud that hid all the upper part of the mountains completely from our view; and ere long the rain came down in torrents, and continued to do so until we had nearly gained the summit. The pass of the St. Gothard is not traversed by the horribly rough mule-tracks described in one of my late letters, but by a magnificent carriage-road, constructed at the joint expense of two or three cantons, anxious to retain the trade with Italy, which was being drawn from them by the more practicable lines of communication opened elsewhere. It is a truly magnificent work, and reflects great honor on the Swiss engineers who designed and executed it. In spite of the rain and mist, which had covered the hill-tops with an impervious shroud of dull gray, the scenery of the pass impressed us all as being among the finest and grandest we had seen in Switzerland. Stern, rugged, massive in its features, with overhanging crags and precipices, and the foaming torrent *of the Reuss leaping, rather than flowing, from the heights of its mountain-sources down* into the lake of Lucerne. The course of this stream down the mountain is, in fact, a succession of magnificent cascades, the water being of the same wonderful, pellucid blue that renders the lake itself so lovely, but covered with silvery foam, and keeping up a continuous roar that forms an admirably harmonious accompaniment to the savage, lonely grandeur of everything around it.

The road and the river keep together the whole way; you cross it every now and then, and lose sight of it for a mile or two, but you never cease to hear its voice, and come back upon it constantly. The entire pass is full of legends, of historical remembrances, and of beauty, from one end to the other. As for the famous scenery of the Devil's Bridge, where the Reuss forms a boiling whirlpool of the utmost grandeur and magnificence in a terrific abyss, across which the road has been carried on an arch that forms a striking feature of the scene, it is one of those rare combinations of the most imposing features of natural scenery to which no effort of pen and ink could by any possibility do justice.

Above this point, the wealth of the Alpine flora ceases; huge rocks, patches of snow, and moss succeed to flowers and shrubs; and the scenery becomes grander, sterner and more sublimely desolate than ever.

Passing through the flowery valley of Andermatt, with its ruins, its glacier, and its remains of what seems to have been once a vast forest of firs, whence bridle-paths lead off in various directions among mountain-peaks and avalanches, the road winds up, in sharp zigzags, to Hospenthal, where the old monastery stands, brown and bare, defying the winds and snows, and giving shelter to travellers and merchandize in a valley, or rather plateau, covered with pastures and flowers, encircled by snowy peaks, with a lake and a river, several villages, but scarcely any trees, the elevation being too great to allow of the growth of anything but the flowery herbage peculiar to Switzerland, with the exception of a few stunted apple and walnut trees, of which perhaps half a dozen may be seen on this curious plateau; a little world by itself, some 6,000 feet above the sea-level, but capped by peaks from 2,000 to 4,000 higher than itself, and looking like a modest, low-lying little valley in comparison with these snowy surroundings.

There is an excellent hotel in this valley; but though the rain had considerably abated, the air was so raw and cold that we determined to push on with fresh horses, to Airolo, a halting-place about one-third of the way down the valley on the Italian side.

At the very summit of the St. Gothard, which is two hours and a half above the monastery, is a large lake, famed for its delicious trout, fed by innumerable glacier-streams, the source of the Ticino.

Most extraordinary is the descent on the Italian side of the St. Gothard; the road consisting of a succession of zigzag terraces, down which the horses rush almost at a gallop, though a false step on their part would hurl the vehicle they drag behind them at such a rapid pace, to certain destruction.

The Italian side of this pass is as lovely as the other side is rugged. As we commenced the descent, the sky became clearer and the air warmer. The groves of pines gave out the most delicious odor, glow-worms sparkled on the side of the mountain, and a faint attempt at moonlight showed us just enough of the beauty around us to make us regret that we had not mustered sufficient fortitude to pass the night at Hospenthal, so as to have done the entire descent by daylight. However, we reached Airolo at midnight, and quitted it again at seven o'clock next morning. The skies, which threatened mischief when we started, took pity on us as the sun rose higher; and the long descent, with glorious weather, to the shores of Lake Maggiore, where we slept that night, is marked with a white stone in all our memories.

The Ticino rushes down this slope as the Reuss does on the other; and is, if possible, even more splendidly beautiful than it. The mountains are of very different form, offering a succession of long, lovely, graceful lines, that the eye is never weary of following, and clothed with forests of oak and chestnut, almost to their summits. The cottages and people are quite as different as the scenery, the Italian type being visible in both. Magnificent groves of chestnuts, in bloom when you first meet them, next, with fruit forming, and, as you continue to descend, with fruit ripening, constitute a "feature" in the scene. After this, you get into the region of mulberry trees; then, into the beautiful Italian vineyards, in which the vines are carried upon trellises, supported on piles of wood, or, more often, long strips of mountain-granite, stuck upright in the ground, and forming rude, slender, unhewn pillars, which contrast pleasantly with the rich foliage they support. The vines look as though they were never pruned, but allowed to throw out their graceful branches, laden with leaves and tendrils, just as freely as they please. This way of leaving the foliage on the vines is justified by Italian peasants, who tell you that the grapes would be burned by the sun but for the shelter of the leaves. However this may be, it is impossible to compare the results, in the way of grapes, of the close-pruning of the French and German vineyards, where the short, ugly vine-stumps, pruned of every lateral bough and superfluous leaf, are absolutely laden with magnificent clusters from top to bottom, and of the non-pruning of the Italians, who cannot show a tithe of grapes for a dozen bushes of leaves, without being struck by the far greater quantity obtained by the former method.

The Italian houses and cottages are painted outside, sometimes with pictures of the Virgin, saints, &c., sometimes with bands and stripes of color, in far gayer and brighter colors than the Swiss. *They look wonderfully lively* and pretty, and suit the aspect of the country, and the brilliance of the sky. The people are remarkably handsome, with a native dignity and ease of manner very pleasant to see; and that quicken all one's previous good wishes for the future of this noble and unfortunate country.

I had hoped to squeeze into this letter the "concentrated essence" of our glimpses of the lovely Italian lakes, and of Milan, with its magnificent cathedral, and its lively and earnest people, so enthusiastic for their new king, and their triumphant idol, Garibaldi; but though my pen has been running rapidly after my *souvenirs*, it has failed to keep pace with them, and I therefore—warned by the number of sheets I see already filled at my elbow—break off the recital of our adventures for this time, reserving our Italian experiences for my next. QUANTUM.

THE PRINCE AT ST. LOUIS.—On the 27th the Fair grounds, comprising fifty acres, was covered with moving humans. There were not less than 100,000 people within the enclosure.

At three o'clock the carriages entered the arena to convey the distinguished visitors from the grounds. After passing entirely around the arena, the Prince acknowledging the waving handkerchiefs of the ladies by raising his hat, the party went outside, and then passed twice around the track on the outside of the amphitheatre, the galleries of which were densely thronged. The party then passed out by the western gate, and returned to the city, receiving everywhere demonstrations of the highest respect, but nothing obtrusive or offensive.

The Prince inaugurated the Western Academy of Art in the afternoon, and he was serenaded by the entire fire department in the evening.

The royal party left on the 28th, in a special train, for Cincinnati, highly pleased with the view of the Mississippi river, and the visit to St. Louis.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 30.—The Prince of Wales and suite arrived in this city at one o'clock, this morning. In consequence of the lateness of the hour, but few persons were at the depot when the train arrived. The Prince took lodgings at the Burnet House.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A sad accident occurred on the 25th about a mile and a half from New Hampton station, on the New Jersey Central Railroad, by which a Mr. Castner, a farmer, and his two sons, were drowned or suffocated. It was at a cider-mill. They have a very large tank to put the cider in for fermentation. The tank leaking, one of the sons went down to stop it. The foul air, together with the gas, suffocated him, and he fell to the bottom; his father heard him, and went to his assistance, and, in attempting to get his son out, he too fell in. A young man, at work at the mill, in attempting to get them out, fell in also, but succeeded in getting out. The other son attempted to rescue his father and brother, but fell to the bottom, and all three were drowned in about eighteen inches of cider, or were suffocated by the foul air and gas.

SEVERAL apparently well authenticated statements have recently been published in the San Francisco papers, announcing a discovery of a new forest of mammoth trees, on the Eastern borders of Tulasse County. The group is represented to extend a distance of 8 miles, embracing a vast number of trees, exceeding 30 feet in diameter and 300 feet in height. One tree, supposed to be the largest matured, is 123 feet in circumference.

NEWS ITEMS.

A TRIUMPHANT ENGINE.—The Good Will fire engine, of Philadelphia, which recently gained the chief prize at the Cincinnati great fair, was paraded through our streets on her return, preceded by a band of music, and accompanied by all the members of the company in procession, bearing torches and transparencies. On one was the appropriate motto—"We carry coals to Newcastle." It will doubtless be remembered by our readers, that the first steam fire-engines were constructed at Cincinnati.

LETTERS from the highest authority have been received at New Orleans, from Havana, which leave no doubt that something serious is pending between Spain and Mexico. They assert positively that an expedition of not less than 20,000 men is actually being fitted out at Havana for Vera Cruz. Doubtful.

A NEW WAY OF MAKING THE LANDLORD "COME DOWN."—James Ricketts, who had started up the New York detectives by representing that he had been robbed of a check for £10,000, has been proved to be an impostor. Suspecting a hoax, and charging him with having deceived them, he acknowledged to the officers that he had fabricated the lie in order to make the landlord "come down, and save the reputation of his house."

THE tobacco crop of Massachusetts and Connecticut is mostly housed, and, like most other crops this season, is of high quality. About 100 cases have recently been shipped from West Springfield to New York. Not far from 1,700 acres of tobacco are raised this year in the valley north of Mount Tom, whose average yield cannot be less than 1,700 lbs.

THE TROUT OF LAKE BIGLER.—A friend who has been sojourning in the near neighborhood of Lake Bigler, California, during the past three months, informs us that it is not unusual to take mountain trout there which weigh from six to twelve pounds. He himself caught one that weighed ten pounds, and a fisherman was reported to have taken one weighing twenty-three pounds!—*Spirit of the Times.*

MANSLAUGHTER INSTIGATED BY A LITTLE SISTER.—John Henry Price, a lad eleven years of age, has been convicted of manslaughter in the fourth degree, in causing the death of James Cox, aged eight years, at Wilton, Saratoga county, New York, on the 21st of August last. The little murderer deliberately shot Cox, at the request of his sister, because he had cut a hole in her dress, and threw stones and clubs at her. He will be sent to the House of Refuge at Rochester.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The following name is published in the New York Herald of the 15th ult., among the list of advertised letters remaining in the New York post-office: Who can beat it? John Ollenbaubeugrasenstein-ershobenbicker!

THE Neapolitan Minister has taken leave of our government, his diplomatic functions having been terminated by the recent revolutionary events in his own country.

FUNERALS.—A law of Penna. passed last April, says:—"All persons going and returning from funerals, whether by carriage or otherwise, shall pass free of all toll over, or on any road in said city of Philadelphia, on which tolls are now collected or received."

DURING the last Sikh war an officer in a regiment marching upon the Sutlej received intelligence from his agent in England that a legacy of £1,500 had fallen to his lot, the information being accompanied by a request to know "how he would take it." The young gentleman, after due reflection, and perhaps consultation with his comrades, replied that he would "take it in pale ale;" and the full value was remitted to him in the article of his choice.

STRUCK ASLEEP.—Ireland furnishes the following remarkable item, contained in a private letter written at Limerick:—"A most extraordinary transaction has just occurred within six or seven miles of this place. A farmer, when going over his crops, accompanied by some of his neighbors, was so grieved at witnessing the injuries inflicted by rain, &c., he prayed to God that he might be struck asleep until the fine weather would come. He had only uttered the prayer when he fell to the ground at full length fast asleep, and so firm in the earth that he could not be removed. A shed has been built about him, and hundreds are daily going to see him; he breathes as naturally as if he was lying asleep on his bed."

HUSBAND KILLERS.—One house in New York has a stock of camel's hair shawls valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Their separate values range from twenty to fifteen hundred dollars, and their patterns are sumptuous beyond description. They have a heavy gold embroidery.

"WHO WAS BLENNERHASSET?"—It has long been known that Herman Blennerhasset, Burr's associate, kept a journal, and had an extensive correspondence. Much effort has been made by several parties to obtain these papers. At last, says a correspondent of the New York Times, Mr. W. H. Safford, of Chilicothe, has got them, and they are now in course of publication by the house of Moore, Wilstach & Keys, of Cincinnati.

PROFESSOR LOWE made a quiet attempt to inflate his balloon and start for Europe from this city on the 29th. But when everything was almost ready—and the Professor seated in the car—the top blew out, and the balloon collapsed. It is well he was not a mile or two high.

THE EXECUTION OF WALKER.—COLONEL RUDDLER SENTENCED TO FOUR YEARS' IMPRISONMENT.—The particulars of the execution of General Walker have been received. Ten shots were fired at Walker amid the cheers of the witnesses of the execution.—His remains were decently buried by the foreigners, the natives refusing to take any part in it. Col Ruddler has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

A MYSTERIOUS MOTOR.—Paris was astonished not long since by the sight of a carriage propelled by neither steam nor gas, going with such amazing swiftness as to leave far behind the four-in-hand carriages of the Jockey Club, which had endeavored in vain to keep up with it. The inventor is said to be a poor man, who has constructed the vehicle entirely himself, and will not disclose his secret till he is properly secured by patents.

RARE EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.—The venerable Nathaniel Willis, who was for many years editor of the Boston Recorder, has recently received a very pleasing letter from an old subscriber, inclosing thirty dollars for the principal and interest of three years' unpaid subscription to the Recorder, due *twenty-three years ago.* Were this example to be generally followed, many a veteran printer's old age would be cheered by the reception of money which has been due so long that the debt has passed from memory.—*Transcript*, 21st.

☞ The soul really grand is only tested by its errors. As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by the courageous return into light, its instinctive rebound into higher air, after some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumes.—*Bulwer.*

☞ A married lady, being asked to waltz, gave the following appropriate answer:—"No, thank you, sir—I have just as much hugging at home as I can attend to."

AFFLICTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A. L. MUZZY.

Aweary? Desolate? Of joy bereft?
Of love and faith forsaken?
Poor soul! it deems life hath no pleasure left,
Unless it be to sleep and never waken.
The tide of hope runs low—
God's pity! Human hearts must suffer so!

When Fate doth thunder, and when fortunes frown,
And life hath stormy weather,
And all our castle dreams come crashing down,
Dome, turret, walls, one ruined mass together,
Oh, Heaven, Heaven!
If our lips murmur, may we be forgiven!

"All for the best," the wise and loving say,
Unto our faith appealing,
But from such words of cheer we turn away,
And weep in secret at their lack of feeling.
Our spirits scorn to be
Brightened and soothed by such philosophy.

But, ah! the truth comes home in after years,
And we must bow, confessing
That, spite of all our doubts, complaints, and fears,
The sorrow which God sent us was a blessing,
Although our human eyes
Failed, at the time, to pierce its dark disguise.

We mortals, when the thing that we have loved—
The dream that we have cherished—
The hope that we have nurtured, is removed,
Broken, destroyed, fancy all life hath perished.
If a star falls from Heaven
We quake, and think the world's foundation riven.

Well! we grow wise with years. In youth we give
Our reason scanty measure;
It takes a lifetime to learn how to live,
And few claim wisdom as an early treasure.
Sages in vain may preach,
Time and experience alone can *teach*.

God speeds the bolt, and pitying, stands apart,
While the red fire of anguish
Burns its red passage through the aching heart,
And all the weeds of sin and error languish.
In soil which nourished tares,
The righteous seed of Truth springs up, and bears.

So good is suffering in its aim and end,
Let the soul falter never!
Lean we upon the bosom of a friend—
The same to-day, to-morrow, and forever—
God, to whom spirits call,
Chastener, Guide, and Comforter of all!

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

The years passed quietly and happily on in the Texan villa, and the life which had been so stormy in its commencement was drawing to a peaceful close. Prudence, after a long and faithful service, had left her dear mistress—her grave was green within the chaparral besides Regina's home. Prince Charlie too, was buried by a fountain in the garden, and nothing remained to speak of the past except the boy.

Over him Regina watched with anxious eyes. To save him from his father's vices, was her continual care. He was educated at home—he was continually under her influence—and, what was better than all, he was sincerely religious. A purer soul than his scarce ever dwelt in a more beautiful frame. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, like the race whose name he bore, he had received from his mother that charming smile—that *naive* frankness of air and manner—that grace of movement and expression, which made her still one of the most beautiful and winning of women. It was impossible to look upon these two, so rarely gifted and so entirely alone, without a peculiar feeling of interest; and now and then an ardent Texan hunter, or a courteous southern planter, would intimate a desire of sharing that solitude and relieving that loneliness. To each and all, Regina gave the same answer.

"You pay me a great compliment, but I have no heart to give, no love to bestow, except upon my boy. I have done with the world, and he has not begun with it; but we are sufficient to each other at present, and happiest when alone."

But such a life, though very happy, was not to last forever. There were "rumors of wars" around them. At last the thunderbolt came, and the short but terrible struggle between Mexico and the United States commenced. Stuart Erlinford, who had been bred up in a half-military fashion, was eager to join the fray.

"You told me long ago, mother, that the American flag was the flag of home," he cried. "Let me go and help make it so!"

"Foolish fellow! You are only a child!"

"I am seventeen years old, mother, and as tall and strong as most men are at twenty-five. I can hold a sword—I will enlist as a common soldier!"

"Very well, you shall go!" was Regina's calm reply. "You will fight under a brave general; but mind, my boy, you must work your way up from the ranks! I shall purchase no commission for you!"

He understood her in a moment, and kissed her fondly.

"Dear mother, I will show you and the whole world that I am worthy to be your son. Only let me take my sword from your hand—that is all I ask."

And in this fashion he joined the brave band of volunteers who rallied at their country's call, and went to shed their blood upon its battle-fields. Perhaps the quarrel was unjust; but it is over now, and the grass is grown greenly over the graves of those who fell. Let the dead rest in peace! Stuart Erlinford thought little about its cause—his adopted country called for help, and he answered with all his heart. He marched on foot in the brave Colonel Maylyn's regiment; and by his side were men of good birth and gentle breeding, who were willing also to serve in this humble manner rather than not serve at all. Throughout the war that regiment was conspicuous for its deeds of daring. Wherever the sword of its gallant leader flashed, the Mexicans fell by hundreds as his soldiers rallied around him. Stuart loved and idolized him and wrote long letters to Regina about his valor and his gentleness. A pencil sketch of him at the head of his troops, his plumed hat off, and his long locks waving in the wind, hung on the walls of her study—drawn by Stuart's hand. How her heart followed the boy through that sad campaign—how she trembled after every battle, lest his name should be returned in that dreadful list of "killed!" But he was spared. And when they won the heights of Monterey, it was his hand that planted the starry flag he loved so well upon the city walls! The general himself—"Old Rough and Ready," as his army fondly nicknamed him—saw the gallant act; and, when the war was over, *Captain* Erlinford returned to his proud and happy mother, covered with glory, and having brought away but one small *souvenir* of the strife, in the shape of a scar upon his left temple, which made her tremble and turn pale when her eyes first fell upon it.

In the midst of all the joy of his return, the young captain could not help seeing that a worn and uneasy look had come upon his mother's face. Some presentiment of a coming change seemed hanging over her. She was constantly making arrangement for his future, as if she was not to share it. It puzzled him—it saddened him—and yet he dared not speak—he would not give utterance to a haunting fear that came now and then, and touched his heart, and seemed to say, "By-and-by you will know me well, and I shall be ever with you." Regina was the first to break the silence between them.

As they sat one evening in the little parlor, she called him to her side, and looked fondly into his face.

"Stuart, I have something to ask you."

"Well, mother?"

"Last evening, as you slept, I went into your room. I often do that when I lie awake and lonely."

"Dear mother!"

"I sat down by your bed, thinking of many things. You were restless—you turned and tossed upon your pillow—at last you uttered a name."

"A name!"

The young man's face was crimson.

"Yes. Shall I tell you more? It was a woman's name—the sweetest name, some think, that ever woman bore?"

"It was Mary!" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes."

He leaned against her knee, and looked up at her with a blush and a smile.

"Dear mother, I have often wished to speak to you of her."

"Who is she, Stuart?"

"The sister of my dear friend Maylyn."

"Where did you meet her?"

"She followed him through the war, mother. He was her twin-brother—and their parents are dead."

"And now?"

"After he died, she returned to her home, in Virginia."

"And this is the secret of your long walks—of your longer reveries—you foolish boy! Tell me, did she care for you?"

"I—I thought so at times, dear mother, but I never spoke."

"Is she good, Stuart?"

"As an angel!"

"Ah! but I mean, is she religious?"

"Yes. She and Maylyn were both devoted members of the Church of England."

"This is well!" said Regina, with a long sigh. "Do you love her well enough, Stuart, to spend your life with her?"

"Do I! Oh, mother!"

She laughed, and tapped the cheek that flushed so red, with her slender hand.

"Listen, my dear boy! You must go to Virginia at once. You must ask your Mary to come back with you—I think she will. Indeed, there are few Marys in the world who would not be glad to share your home, my boy!"

"Ah, mother, she is so beautiful, and so much admired! There was not an officer in the whole army, who would not have given worlds to win a smile from her. The general himself admired her—you don't know how much!"

"I know that my boy is an Erlinford—and like—like his father," said Regina, in a low voice. "And being this, I think a young and beautiful girl might well love him, unless her heart was already engaged."

"I do not think that."

"Go and see."

"When, dear mother?"

"Soon—soon!" she cried, with feverish energy, laying her hand upon her heart.—"Look, Stuart! I have set my heart upon seeing you with a dear young wife. Life is so uncertain—if I should be called away—"

"Oh, *mama mia!* we will not speak of that!" he said, kissing her tenderly.

She looked at him a moment, as if she were about to say something, but checked herself.

"When you come back, Stuart, we must have a long conversation. But now I can only think of your Mary. You will need no introduction of mine; your own gallantry is the best letter of recommendation you can have. Has she any very near relatives?"

"None, mother; she lives with a cousin."

"Is she an heiress?"

"No, she is poor."

"So much the better. You will have no family to annoy you; and you may say to her that all your mother has is yours from this day, and that that mother waits anxiously to welcome her to her heart and home!—Now, when will you go?"

"To-morrow, if you like," he said, with a playful smile.

"To-morrow let it be," she answered, with perfect gravity.

And on the next evening Regina sat alone in the little parlor, and Stuart had "gone a-courting" to the north. It seemed but a few days to her since he had been lying in her arms, a little helpless child.

* * * * * * * * *

His wooing sped as might well have been imagined, and in a little more than three weeks he was driving over a sandy road that led from the station to the villa, with a dark-haired and beautiful brunette seated by his side. Regina, having been apprized by letter of their arrival, had sent her carriage to meet them. The servant said his mistress would have come herself, but she was "not very well;" and Stuart, always anxious about his worshipped mother, worked himself up to a fearful pitch of nervousness before they stopped at the vine-covered door at their home. No one was on the porch to welcome them. He ran eagerly into his mother's room. She was lying back upon the cushions of her chair, pale, and almost fainting.

"What is this?—oh, what is this?" he cried, as he flung himself on his knees before her. "Mother, why did you send me from you?"

"Water, my son!" she said, faintly; and he caught a glass from the little table beside her chair, and held it to her lips. The wan look passed slowly from her face, and the color came to her lips again.

"Have you been ill, mother, and how long?"

"For years," she said, with a sweet smile. "We will not talk of it just yet. Is she with you—your Mary?"

He sprang up, and brought his young bride proudly to his mother's chair.

"This is my Mary!"

Regina took the trembling little hands into her own, looked a moment at the glittering wedding-ring, then into the face of the girl who wore it. A pensive sadness touched its brilliant beauty with an added charm, and something in the soft, bright eyes reminded her of Ruth. She kissed her very fondly.

"My dear child, welcome home! May you both be happy long after I have left you!—Stuart, they will show you the *suite* of apartments I have destined for you and Mary. Go, now, my children. You will dine together, and after dinner I shall expect you here. I have much to say to you."

Hand in hand the married lovers went softly away. Regina looked after them with a smile and a sigh, and then rang for her maid, who had come with her from England, and who had been Stuart's nurse.

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When they returned to Regina's apartment, they found her still sitting by the window, gazing out upon the rose garden which had been planted by Stuart's hand. The table before her was covered with papers, and Digby, the maid, was wiping her eyes with her apron in a corner, while a good old physician, who had been a friend of the family for years, was walking up and down the room with a somewhat anxious air.

"I have sent for Doctor Graham, my dear boy," said Regina, when the joyful greetings were over, "that he might tell you something which I find most difficult to say."

"What is it, sir?" asked Stuart, quickly.

"It is about your dear mother."

"Is she then so ill?"

The doctor nodded his head.

"But you will cure her, you will save her!" was his eager cry.

The doctor turned his head away.

"Foolish man!" said Regina, with a melancholy smile; "I shall have to speak myself, after all!"

"I wish to heaven you would!" muttered the old gentleman.

"Well, come to me, Stuart. Sit down upon the ottoman, and lean your head upon my knee, as you used to do. Mary shall have the other side. There, children—you must know that my life may be long or short, as the good God wills, but very probably it must be short."

"What ails you, mother?" said Stuart, lifting his head with a scared look.

She took his hand, and laid it upon her heart. It was beating feebly and irregularly—then it gave a quick bound—stopped for a second, and went on with loud and rapid pulsations.

"Is there no help for it?"

"None, my child."

"And you must—"

"I must die," she said, calmly. "Yes."

He buried his face in her lap, and burst into a passion of weeping. The two women bent over him with tender words of sympathy.

"That was why I wished you to marry, Stuart. I could not bear to leave you alone in the world, and I thank you, Mary, for coming home with him at once. But do not sob so, my child! I am with you still, and perhaps I may be spared for many years; I only wished you to know this, so that when—when it comes, my boy, it will be less hard to bear. Look up, now, and let me see you smile once more!"

CHAPTER XVI.

At last her lovely image bears
No trace of earth's debasing cares!
And when I think of her, I know
She dwells within a fairer land,
And walks with angels, hand in hand,
Free from the griefs of long ago!
The shame, the passion, and the pain,
Can never wring her heart again—
That heart, which suffered so below!
A peace, profound, and calm, and still,
Keeps the tired spirit from all ill!
Would ours were guarded so! M. B.

Stuart looked up in his mother's face with a mournful smile. She parted the fair hair from his forehead with a caressing movement.

"Yonder lies my will, Stuart, and also some deeds of the property in England. Our good friend, Dr. Graham, will take charge of them for you. And now we will speak of this no more, but wait God's time with very humble hearts. Mary, my love, do you sing?"

"A little, *mother!*" was the hesitating reply, and Stuart looked up at her with a loving, grateful smile, when he heard that word.

"Do you know the old ballads? Do you know Barbara Allen?"

"Yes."

"Go to the piano; Stuart will sing it with you."

They obeyed. Regina, leaning back upon her pillows, listened to the plaintive air. The old days came back again; and in the garden, at Brompton, she sang the song to Clifford, and laughed gaily at the sentimental look with which he listened.

"It used to be a great favorite with a friend of mine, in England," she said, when they had finished. "You will go to England, one day, my children, and then you will see him. Stuart knows him very well."

"Do I, mother?" said the young man, looking at her flushed cheeks and bright eyes rather anxiously. "Who is it?"

"The Earl of Charlemount, my son! You will say to him that Regina often thought of him and his dear wife, and that she prayed each morning and evening for their happiness."

"I will tell him, mother. Doctor," he whispered, drawing the old man aside, "I think she looks feverish."

"Excitement, my dear boy, that is all. She has made herself ill for a week back, expecting you. I shall send her to bed, presently, and give her an opiate."

"What are you two plotting there, in the corner?" cried out Regina. "I will have you indicted for conspiracy. Mary, my child! there is an old song which I have not heard for years. Will you sing it for me? It is the Evening Hymn to the Virgin."

Mary sang it very sweetly, and alone. At the words,

"Thou who hast looked on death,
Aid us, when death is near;
Whisper of heaven to faith—
Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, hear!"

Regina looked up wistfully at the clear evening sky, and when the music ceased, drew Stuart back again to his old place beside her knee.

"It is a lovely night!" she said. "How sweet these roses are!—and how brightly the moon is coming up over the hills! The air is like the air of England. It is strange how my thoughts turn back to-night, to that dear old mother country. I almost fancied, while you were singing, Mary, that I heard the church-bells ringing over Fulham Fields, as I have heard them so many, many times—with—Ruth!"

Her face was very sad as she spoke her old friend's name, and gazed out upon the little grave beside the fountain.

"Poor Prince Charlie—and Saladin—and Peter and Dick! All my pets have left me, Stuart, except you!"

"You look pale, mother! Ought you not to go to bed?"

"I think so," she said, slowly. "I feel strangely—a little faint—"

Her face altered so suddenly, that both Stuart and the doctor sprang, in alarm, to her side. Her head sank down upon her son's shoulder.

"Mother!—speak to me!"

She opened her eyes, and looked at him.

"I said we would wait Heaven's time, my boy!" she whispered, feebly. "It has come! Its will be done! Mary will help you—"

"Doctor, can nothing be done to save her?" cried Stuart, as a pale, blue tinge crept over the lips that ceased to speak.

"Nothing!" said the old physician, solemnly. He held the feeble hand a moment longer, placed his ear close to her lips, and then rising, looked at the young wife, and said, with tears,

"You must comfort him, as she knew you would! *She is dead!*"

* * * * * * * * *

"Plant a green tree over me!—that is all!" Regina had said, one day, as she talked with the physician about that event which was not far distant. They complied with that simple wish—they buried her beside Prudence, and a lovely catalpa tree bends its green branches caressingly over her grave. In that virgin solitude the weary heart takes its rest. Only the anthem of the birds, the flowing of the deep river, and the flashing of the fountain, break the tranquil stillness of the spot; and the purpled violets she loved so well in life, bloom—tended by careful hands—upon her grave. Often a little golden-haired child comes, clinging to its father's or its mother's hand, and plays around the spot; and Stuart, lingering there at night, when the moon and stars are shining, kneels down to kiss the flowers which have sprung (he sometimes fancies) from the very dust of that unquiet heart!

Peace be with her as she sleeps. If, for us, who wander and labor still in that world out of which she has gone forever—if, for us, those purple flowers would bloom, and those genial waters flow—how gladly would we shake the dust from off our weary feet, and lie down to share that grateful rest, which only one dread summons can ever break again! But patience—for the end may be nearer than we think! A few more beatings of the tired heart—a few more smiles and tears, and joys and sorrows—a few more friends to make and lose—a few more to-days—till the great To-morrow comes—and then—and then!—*What* then, dear readers? Let us hope that for all who have followed Regina to her grave—in constant, though unseen, companionship—the "and then!" may be full of peace, and love, and joy!—FAREWELL!

☞ Clothing made of animal substances is warmer than that made of vegetable fabrics.

☞ A Western editor cautions his readers against kissing short women, as the habit has made him round shouldered.

☞ Why is the best article of malt liquor like the last song in a concert programme? Because it is the *fine ale*.

☞ If a young lady has a *pain* in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a *sash*?

TELEGRAPH REPORTING IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES.

FROM "ONCE A WEEK," AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL.

It is not surprising that an agent so useful as electricity should, at an early period of its application to telegraphic purposes, have been forced into requisition by the conductors of newspapers. "The ordinary channels of information," as it is the custom in another place to term the newspapers, would, without the aid of the electric telegraph, present a very different appearance from that which they do at present. Electricity has, in fact, done for the press of our day what the art of printing accomplished for knowledge in the middle ages.

The agency of the electric telegraph was first employed in a regular and systematic manner by the newspaper press on the other side of the Atlantic. Ever on the look out for means of saving time or labor, the astute Americans saw when the first line of telegraph was erected between Washington and Baltimore, what facilities the new system would afford for the collection and transmission of news, and they at once set to work to discover some mode by which they might obtain the maximum amount of information for a minimum charge. To accomplish this task a vast amount of ingenuity was displayed, and some of the bitterest controversies which have distracted the Union, have been those which have been carried on between "the gentlemen of the press" and the managers of the various telegraphic lines in the United States.

Persons of sanguine disposition, who believe that every great discovery in sciences is always made in the interest of peace, will be disappointed to find what an important part the electric telegraph has played in connection with war; and it is somewhat curious that the earliest news conveyed by telegraph to the press of America was the launch of a sloop of war at the Brooklyn Yard, and that the first regular organization for the purpose of telegraph reporting was formed for obtaining news of the progress of the war in Mexico. A daily horse-express was run between Mobile and Montgomery, a distance of two hundred miles, in order to anticipate the arrival of the mail, and forward the news by telegraph to New York and other places. In 1847, the complete and efficient organization of what is termed the "Associated Press of New York" was established, with "telegraph reporters" and agents in every important city or port in the United States, as well as in Canada, England, and other countries. The charge for sending messages by telegraph was at first much higher than is at present the case, and the great object of the associated reporters was to devise some means of getting as much as possible for their money from the telegraph companies. As the result of much anxious deliberation and forethought, they at length prepared a complete system of short-hand or cipher which, while it was perfectly unintelligible to the clerks of the telegraph, was, when translated by those possessing the key, found to possess remarkably elastic properties. A message of ten cipher words would expand to fifty or sixty, or even a hundred, when translated. Some of the words sent were of enormous length, and made up of syllables, each of which had a hidden meaning, and when in combination defied all the dictionaries of the civilized world. There came, however, a limit to human endurance on the part of the managers of the telegraphs, and they ordered that no word sent by the Associated Press should contain more than five letters, the letters in every message should be counted, and the whole divided by five for the number of words, and charged accordingly. The new society did not rest content with protesting against the tyranny of "Fog Smith," as they nick-named the manager of the New York and Boston line, but they ransacked the dictionaries for the purpose of finding a sufficient number of words of five letters to serve the purpose of a new cipher system, and some thousands of short words were very speedily selected, and were sent over the line, possessed of even greater expanding powers than those under the former system.

From the many thousands of cipher words which were adopted we will extract a few, in order to convey an idea of the system as adopted by the "telegraph reporters." It was required to send to different parts of the Union the particulars respecting the flour or wheat markets. The first word of the message which would be sent commencing with a consonant would express the "condition" of the market; the second word beginning with a different consonant would indicate the "price," while a third word which began with a vowel would tell the "quantity sold." Every word sent had, of course, its distinctive meaning attached to it; thus "babe" signified "western is firm, with moderate demand for home trade and export;" "back" told that "the market is a shade firmer, but that, owing to absence of private advices, buyers and sellers do not meet;" for "bake" we read "markets dull; buyers do not enter freely at the higher rates demanded;" "bacon" was "dull, but if anything a shade firmer;" and "basin" meant "there is a speculative demand at better prices." The prices were required, and for these words commencing with the letter "C" were used. Thus "camp" stood for 5.18, "car" 5.75, "carp" 6.31, meaning, of course, dollars and cents, and when it was required to add half cents to the quotation the letters "ed" were added, so that "camp-ed" was made to stand for 5.18 1-2, and so on. The quantities of corn or flour sold were stated by words commencing with the letter "A," as abaft, abuse, above, abash, abate, abide, and others, each of which had its correlative numbers assigned to it in the system. One instance will suffice to show how rapidly these cipher messages expanded when translated. A message of nine words, "bad, came, aft, keen, dark, ache, lain, fault, adopt," told the following interesting facts: "Flour market for common and fair brands of western is lower, with moderate demand for home trade and export. Sales 8,000 barrels. Genesee at $5,12. Wheat prime in fair demand, market firm, common description dull, with a downward tendency; sales 4,000 bushels at $1,10. Corn—foreign news unsettled the market; no sales of importance made. The only sale made was 2,500 bushels at 67c.," or a total of sixty-eight words. "Fog Smith" once more issued his edict, and decided that no English word should be spelt with more than three letters, but by this time there were competing lines of telegraph in existence, and the able manager "locked the door after the steed was stolen."

On the extension of the telegraph system, arrangements were made for sending reports of the proceedings of Congress, and for this a more comprehensive and ingenious system of ciphers was adopted, but founded upon the same principle as that employed for commercial news, and an immense number of congressional phrases and forms of speech were represented by their particular cipher. Thus "bacon" was equivalent to saying that "a report was brought up from the Committee on Agriculture;" and "bawl" that "an interesting debate followed, in which several honorable Senators took part." The fact of a report being brought up from the committee on military affairs was represented by the word "bad," and the word "bribe" signified that a bill to reduce and graduate the price of public lands was taken up and discussed; in fact, almost every variety of judicial, diplomatic, and executive phrase was provided for in a voluminous and alphabetically arranged code of ciphers. When the scrap of news was received from Congress, the cipher words were not only translated into their legitimate meaning, but they were largely amplified, being treated in many cases as a clergyman would deal with a small text for his sermon. Some occasional mistakes have occurred by this practice, which have been ludicrous, and sometimes highly inconvenient. On one occasion, when a measure was under discussion, the telegram stated that a certain Whig orator addressed the Senate, but the wires of the telegraph being interrupted, no portion of the speech came to hand. The recipients of the message considered what were the probable objections which a Whig would have to the bill in question, and a very violent speech against it was duly printed the next morning. Unfortunately the honorable Senator had spoken and voted in exactly the opposite direction. On another occasion the want of due attention to the cipher word caused a serious mistake. Among the words which were adopted in the system was "dead." Its equivalent was, "after some days' absence, from indisposition, the honorable gentleman reappeared in his seat." Now it happened that the venerable Senator John Davis had been unwell, and had again taken his place in the Senate, and the telegram sent was "John Davis dead." The words of the message were not translated, but adopted literally; and immediately the sad event was communicated all over the Union of the death of Davis, who, on the following day, had the privilege vouchsafed to but few persons, of learning what was the opinion of posterity upon his private life and public career. In this country, Lord Brougham, and more recently the Duke of Buckingham, have had the privilege of reading their memoirs under circumstances similar to those of Senator Davis.

It is, however, in connection with the foreign news that the most strenuous exertions and greatest activity is displayed by the telegraph reporters of America. They have fast sailing yachts, which put out to sea to meet the European steamers, board them, carry off the heads of the latest news, and speedily transmit the latest intelligence over the continent. Among the earliest of these attempts, was the obtaining and transmission of the news taken out by the Europa. The foreign news by that ship was forwarded from New York at ten minutes past eight in the morning, received at New Orleans, two thousand miles distant, by the telegraph lines, and hung up in the Merchants' Exchange by nine o'clock on the same morning. The mode adopted was to direct the agent of the Associated Press at Liverpool to prepare a synopsis of commercial news up to the latest moment of departure of the steamer, in such a form as to be ready for transmission the moment the steamer reached New York. Some "news boatmen" were ordered to cruise in the harbor and watch for the steamer; and as soon as she came up to quarantine, the bag of news was handed to one of the boatmen, who immediately made all possible speed with oar and sails to the city, and then to the telegraph office, with the prepared message. By this means the news is not unfrequently received at New York some time before the steamer is alongside the quay. On one occasion great anxiety was felt respecting the safety of the Atlantic, one of the American line of postal steamers. News was brought by the Africa that the Atlantic was safe, and the pleasing intelligence was known in all parts of the country long before the ship that brought the news had come to her moorings. The intensity of delight with which the news was received is thus described by Mr. Jones, one of the earliest members of the Associated Press. He says:—"At last the news came. It was read aloud to them—'*The Atlantic is safe!*'—when there arose loud and enthusiastic shouts of joy. It flew from mouth to mouth, from one extremity of the city to the other, along the shipping, among the shipyards and ship-builders, among those who had worked on the missing vessel. It flew abroad to the suburban towns. It became a theme of exultation at the hotels and theatres. In some of the latter the managers came on the boards and announced to their auditors, '*The Atlantic is safe!*' which was followed by the rising of the whole audience to their feet, and giving the most deafening and enthusiastic applause. In our whole experience in telegraph reporting, we recollect no instance in which a piece of news gave such universal delight. No battle ever won in Mexico diffused greater satisfaction in

THE TWILIGHT FAIRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

When the lights of the autumn noon flicker and fade,
And the gloaming comes solemnly down—
A fair little face on my bosom is laid,
Half-hidden in tresses of brown.
Two shining arms circle my neck in their play,
Sweet words from the merry lips blow—
The old fire crackles—the dim shadows sway,
And the wind at the lattice is low.
And brushing the hair from the pure, childish brow,
And hushing the sweet-singing tongue,
I tell of the mother who died long ago—
When the years of my manhood were young.—
How she lay 'mid the pillows, divested of bloom,
With her thin fingers crossed on her breast—
While the wind, like a Banshee, wailed into the room,
And the sun-flush went out in the West;
How the nurse in the twilight brought softly to me,
The babe of my beautiful dead—
The gay little fairy who sits on my knee,
And lists to the words that are said.
And I tell how I caught her, and tenderly laid
Her head on my bosom as now—
While the old fire crackled, the dim shadows swayed,
And the wind at the lattice was low.
And the lips of my darling grow rosy with smiles,
When I speak of that baby in white,
With its fat, foolish fingers, and wonderful eyes—
Crushed down on my bosom that night,
But the thought of the mother who sleeps in the years,
Seems something so softly divine,
That the eyes of my darling grow misty with tears,
And her little heart-throbs against mine.
Thus we sit in the twilight, uncertain and vast—
While the embers drop down at our feet,
And we talk of the future, the present, the past,
In a monotone tender and sweet.
The portrait that hangs o'er the dim mantel-shelf,
With the hair 'round the girlish face blown,
Smiles down on that miniature type of itself,
And on me—as we sit there alone.
And I think, yes, I think of that pitiful day,
When these beautiful twilights must end—
When the fire will crackle, the shadows will sway,
But my fairy will miss her old friend!
When the seat at the fireside vacant shall be,
And the lips from their legends shall rest—
When the light form shall slip from the weary old knee,
And the head from the weary old breast!
Oh, the roses and grass-flowers out of my clay,
'Neath the breath of the spring shall be blown—
But who will take heed of my darling that day,
When she weeps in the silence alone?

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

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CHAPTER III.

The consideration which prompted the mystified and astounded lord of Kingswood to hastily quit his study and hurry in search of the youth his unexpected visitor had brought to him, was the possibility of Lady Kingswood having the first interview with him, and subjecting him to an examination calculated to elicit singularly inconvenient revelations. Lady Kingswood made no allowances for human frailty, perhaps because she lacked firmness herself. We are but too apt to condemn in others the infirmities we ourselves possess. Lord Kingswood, therefore, dreaded the result of such disclosures as he feared his youthful, unexpected, and most unwelcome guest would naturally make.

If Lady Kingswood were to learn that her husband had, while wooing her, chosen another, and had actually given his hand in marriage to her, even though the ceremony had been a mock one, she would have made the world acquainted with the fact. She would have cared nothing for his position or the disgrace the disclosure brought upon him. She would have paraded her wrongs, even though she was conscious that she had flirted up to the very hour of her marriage, and only too frequently after it. That, however, was a set-off not permitted to enter into the account between herself and partner. What she might commit of a questionable character she did not charge, but she debited her husband with every sin she fancied he might be guilty of. She accused, him, and threatened him in a manner calculated to terrify him. It amounted to nothing that her charges in many instances were false and unjust. She at least threatened to act upon them in spite of all his excited protestations of their untruth.

The secret which Ishmael possessed was one which, if she knew, would madden her, and make her ruin his domestic life, not alone because she had been tricked and deceived, but because it would appear that she was not legally the wife of Lord Kingswood, and her only son would not be legitimate. Ishmael, in bringing to his house the boy, though he might be his son, had suspended above him an avalanche, which, at a word, might descend and overwhelm him.

To keep the terrible secret from betrayal as long as possible, it was necessary to close the boy's mouth against the shrewd cross-questioning of Lady Kingswood, and therefore he was most solicitous to have an interview with him before even her ladyship knew of his existence.

With a misgiving which produced a sense of faintness, he remembered how long the youth had been left alone, and he quickened his pace until, encountering the servant who had conducted the boy to the room he then occupied, he ascertained where he had been bestowed—the very apartment Lady Kingswood most frequented.

He drew himself up, and paused, then went slowly on, like a coward going into battle, having no chance of previous flight.

He gently unclosed the door and looked within the apartment. A tall, slim, elegant youth, stood leaning upon one elbow by the window, gazing thoughtfully into the open space, with its glorious prospect before him.

He was alone, and Lord Kingswood drew a long breath—it was something more than a sigh of relief—and then resuming, as well as his turbulent thoughts would permit, his usual haughty aristocratic mien, he addressed the youth to call his attention to him.

The boy turned round and faced him.

A low cry burst from the lips of Lord Kingswood, and he clutched at a chair.

"It is her living resemblance!" he murmured.

If he had a floating doubt of Ishmael's truthfulness, he had none now.

Nature has a triumphant mode of asserting her sway, even over a bad heart.

Lord Kingswood's first impulse was to catch the boy in his arms and press him to his heart.

Cold worldliness interposed, and he controlled the impulse. Selfishness is ever too officiously intrusive when the natural feelings are desirous of free action, and though it cannot prevent a genial impulse, it can quickly coat it over with ice.

Lord Kingswood cast an anxious eye upon the door, and returning to it, he closed it firmly, though he did not fasten it.

He then advanced to the boy, who yet stood by the window, eyeing him curiously, and on reaching him, he said, in a somewhat peculiar tone—

"I am Lord Kingswood."

A flush mounted to the boy's brow, he bowed slightly, but instantly drew himself erect, without making any reply.

A shade of disappointment, as well as of embarrassment, passed over the pale features of the nobleman.

"Tell me," he said, assuming a frankness of manner he felt that he could ill support, "are you dull at being parted from your friend?"

"My friend!" echoed the boy, with an air of surprise. "What friend?"

"I mean Mr. Vernon, the friend who accompanied you hither," returned Lord Kingswood, a little surprised in his turn.

A smile, almost of derision, curled the boy's lip.

"I have seen too little of him to have any feeling respecting companionship with him, or separation from him," he responded. Then the expression of his features changed, and he added, with a sigh—"*Yet I believe that I am much beholden to him, and, perhaps, I ought to express myself differently.*"

"How long have you known him?" inquired Lord Kingswood, quickly.

"But a few hours," he replied, rather hesitating in his delivery. "I saw him for the *first time this morning.*"

"The first time this morning!" echoed Lord Kingswood, with an air of surprise, accompanied by an increase of *hauteur*.—Pray where did you meet with him?"

The boy observed the alteration in his lordship's manner. The hue of his cheek became deeper, and his eyes glistened brightly, and his bearing yet prouder than ever.

"He sought me at the school at which I have been reared," he answered, speaking rather rapidly. "The master, Dr. Cramboy, who conducted me to the reception-room, where he awaited me, said that he had been from my infancy my only friend. He brought me hither. I know no more. If you desire to learn more I cannot answer you—you 'must seek your information from him.'"

"Softly, softly, not so fast," rejoined Lord Kingswood, struck by the boy's fiery impatience. "There happens to be a certain kind of information I am desirous of obtaining, which you only can furnish."

"I dislike answering questions," impetuously returned the youth.

"Granted," responded his lordship. "Yet it is not the less necessary that you—for your own sake, be it understood—should reply to those I consider it requisite to put to you. When were you placed at the school you have now left, and by whom were you placed there?"

"I was very young indeed; I cannot tell at what age—it is many years back—I—I—I do not know who placed me with Dr. Cramboy."

Hot tears rushed into his eyes, and he turned his face to the window to conceal them as they gushed from his eyelids.

Lord Kingswood was moved more than he liked to confess to himself.

He laid his hands gently on the boy's shoulder.

"I have no desire to distress you," he exclaimed, in a kinder voice than he had yet assumed; "but your replies to the inquiries I am submitting to you possess a greater importance than you can imagine. A few more easily answered, and I have done."

The boy dashed the glittering drops from his eyelid, and said, coldly—

"Proceed, my lord."

"What name were you known by at school?"

"Erle Gower," was the reply.

Lord Kingswood started. For a moment only he pressed his white hand upon his pallid forehead, and then removing it, he asked—

"By what other?"

Erle glanced sharply at him, as if stung by the question.

"By no other," he replied, huskily.

"What history of yourself and connexions did your companion hither furnish you with?" inquired Lord Kingswood, bending upon his countenance a searching look.

"He preserved a close silence respecting it," replied Erle, in a low tone, an expression of gloomy dissatisfaction passing over his features.

"But he assigned some reason for bringing you hither and placing you in my—my charge?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, quickly, though he hesitated at the last word.

"Duty!" returned Erle, with more energy of utterance than he had yet displayed. "He impressed upon me that I had the rights of another to sustain as well as my own; that my claim to be maintained and guided to a prosperous future by you was a rightful one; and that you—you, my lord—would reveal to me in what relation I stand to you. Oh, my lord, I do not know who—what I am. If you have mercy, I entreat you—"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with sudden perturbation. "Be silent; and remember, to every inquiry made by others to you, repeat only that you are an orphan, brought up at school, and that I have taken you under my protection. Be wise and discreet, as you value my favor."

All this was said in a rapid undertone, as the sound of the rustling of silk caught the ear of Erle.

Perhaps he might have been disposed to be rebellious, and have disobeyed the injunctions of Lord Kingswood, but the exhortation to be wise and discreet caught his ear. He instantly remembered the advice of Ishmael, and resolved, as far as he could, to obey the counsel given to him.

At the same moment the door opened, and Lord Kingswood, elevating his voice, said—

"Your journey has fatigued you. I will give instructions immediately respecting your apartments, and—oh, Lady Kingswood!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he found his wife at his elbow, regarding the youth with a gaze of unequivocal surprise. He rapidly, and not without displaying some of that embarrassment he was most desirous of concealing, introduced Erle to her ladyship.

Lady Kingswood was a tall, fine woman, rather stouter than she wished to be, nearer to forty than she cared to acknowledge, fair in complexion, with handsome features, still retaining much of the beauty which distinguished them in youth, and possessing a presence, commanding, rather by the results of early tuition and aristocratic associations, than that it pertained to any native dignity of character.

Exceedingly jealous in disposition, she fostered an inquisitiveness always offensive, until it degenerated into rudeness. It frequently urged her to put questions of a close and embarrassing kind, which good sense, no less than self-respect, should have taught her to withhold; but the restless craving to confirm by inquiries a suspicion mostly as unjust as ungenerous, swept away all those considerations which properly influence, and in fact govern, a delicate and refined mind.

As we have said, there was no mistaking the surprise she betrayed; and she listened to the explanations his lordship tendered with the air of one who did not believe a sentence he uttered.

Quite satisfied, however, that the present moment was not a proper one to push the thousand inquiries which rushed through her brain and sprang to her lips, if the truth was to be elicited, she merely bowed her head in cold assent to each statement Lord Kingswood made, and reserved to herself the treat of closely questioning Erle when alone with him.

It must be confessed that she was struck by his appearance: there was a certain elegance as well as boldness in his mien, which assured her that he sprang from no common stock, and his looks at least created in her breast a favorable opinion, even though she felt that there was some secret attached to him likely to inflict great pain upon her when she became mistress of it.

"I was informing Mr. Gower, as your ladyship entered, that I would immediately give instructions to have a suite of rooms prepared for him. Your ladyship will perceive that he is fatigued; he has been travelling some hours, and will need some rest before he joins us at dinner.

"Does Mr. Gower stay with us long?" inquired Lady Kingswood, looking at her husband with half-closed eyelids, an expression he knew well how to interpret.

"A—a—yes—that is—for an indefinite term. A—really, Lady Kingswood, the commonest laws of hospitality forbid a question of that nature. Mr. Gower's stay will be the subject of future arrangement!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, red and white, hot and cold, by turns.

"As I intend to take upon myself the care of securing Mr. Gower's personal comfort while he remains with us, I fancy that it was a very natural question to put; but you need not say another word, my lord; I believe I fully understand you. I will myself give the instructions necessary at once."

So saying, with a bend to Erle, which would have been frank and pleasant but for some floating, displeasing fancies, she quitted the apartment.

Lord Kingswood raised his finger to his lips, and murmured,

"Be cautious and reserved in your communications, and adhere to the same story respecting yourself which you have related to me: not a syllable beyond it."

As he concluded, he hurried after Lady Kingswood.

Erle, left to himself, with a heavy heart, turned again to the window, and looked out. The sounds of carriage-wheels, rapidly moving along the drive, attracted his attention, and he saw several equipages approaching the mansion. It was evident that there was to be a dinner party, and that the guests were beginning to arrive. He shrunk from the prospect of encountering a quantity of strange persons to whom he was convinced that he should be an object of curiosity and inquiry. It was an ordeal to which he felt unequal, and he determined to remain within the room now preparing for him for the remainder of the night, if Lord Kingswood would accept an excuse for his absence from the dinner table.

His reveries were interrupted by the appearance of a matronly-looking woman, quietly dressed; in fact, the sombre and the antique predominated in her attire. She made him an exceedingly dignified obeisance, and shutting her eyes, said, in a mincing voice—

"My Lady Kingswood has graciously pleased to direct me to conduct you, young gentleman, to apartments hastily preparing for you. Will you be good enough, sir, to follow me?"

Rather pleased than otherwise, Erle obeyed, as the elderly dame sailed somewhat grandly from the room; but before he reached the part of the building assigned to him, he was amazed at the labyrinth and the length of the passages and corridors through which the old lady led him.

At last, out of breath, she paused at a door, and turning to him, said—

"You will lodge here, by my lady's directions, young gentleman, for the present. I trust you will excuse such omissions as you may this evening discover, but if you will be so obliging as to mention in the morning the result of your observations, all deficiencies shall be supplied immediately."

She opened the door, and entered a dull, dreary-looking room, dimly lighted by two narrow Gothic windows. The room itself was large and lofty, with old-fashioned furniture in it, which seemed, perhaps in consequence of the dimensions of the apartment, scantily and widely distributed. A wood fire was kindled upon the hearth, but had hardly yet broken into a blaze; and the whole aspect of the room was chill and repellant.

There was an inner room, which two or three females were bustling about, arranging its contents with great activity, increasing the rapidity of their movements under the supervision of the old lady.

At length, one by one they passed through the room in which Erle was silently and mechanically watching their movements; and as they glided by him, he observed that they eyed him askance, and with an expression which appeared to be compounded of awe, amazement and compassion.

The elderly matron, too, though the last to retire, seemed restless and flurried.

"A—my Lady Kingswood has—a—graciously informed me," she said, with hurried accents, as she backed out of the room, "that you would be pleased to take your dinner today in your own apartment, in consequence of the fatigue you have suffered from long travel. It will be my care to see that proper attention is paid to you. I am Mrs. Muddlemist, the housekeeper, a—yes—a good—a day, young gentleman. I—hope that you will enjoy—a—hem—a—profound repose after your journey—a—Heaven protect us!"

A very perceptible shudder passed over the frame of the old lady as she concluded; and, she hastened away from the room, with more speed and less dignity than she had hitherto exhibited.

Erle was now fairly alone, with as much real cause for sadness as ever isolated human creature unacquainted with the authors of his existence, and surrounded wholly by strangers, could possibly be. Yet, perhaps sadness was not the predominant feeling in possession of the boy's mind. He had been accustomed to the presence and the companionship of those unallied to him by any other ties than those which bind society together. He had but exchanged one home among strangers for another, and to that condition of affairs he could soon have accommodated himself, but mixed up with his presence at Kingswood, there was a question of origin.—He had a rightful claim on Lord Kingswood. What was it? His cheek burned, and a strange sickness at heart seized him as he asked himself repeatedly this question. Unable to arrive at any satisfactory supposition, he, with an impetuous gesture, tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, and sought to divert his thoughts by an examination of his apartment.

The part of the manor-house to which he had been consigned was evidently extremely ancient. It was wainscoted with panelled oak, blackened by time. The furniture, too, chairs, tables, and other appendages, were of black oak, and of an early date. Two or three full-length portraits, probably ancestral, hung upon the walls, and, in fact, the whole of the apartments, as well as the room itself, were of an age long past.

It presented a strange contrast to the room he had quitted, for this, existing in the same building, it was as if to-day and three hundred years agone stood hand in hand beneath the same roof.

He examined his bed-room, which presented the same characteristics. Both rooms had several doors in them, probably belonging to store closets, or some such receptacles; rooms, anciently, being well supplied with such needful repositories. Altogether, there was a strange, dreary, sombre, if not awful aspect, in the apartments, not at all alluring to the nervous or superstitious.

Their gloom suited the tone of Erle's mind, and he regarded them rather with the respect their antiquity inspired, than with fear that the shadows of former residents revisited them in the silent night.

He advanced, after his survey, to one of the windows of his sitting-room, and looked out. A totally different view to that he had seen from the window of the apartment he had first entered, met his gaze. He had been placed in the rear of the building, and though a portion of the park and some distant scenery were visible, yet the great proportion of the view was forest-land extensively and thickly wooded.

The night was closing in fast, the wind moaned as it swept past in sharp gusts, and the trees swayed backward and forward, shorn of their leaves, and looking grim and desolate in the murky twilight.

Erle turned away from the prospect, gray and sullen as it looked, and flung himself into a chair, where he sat ruminating until his dinner was brought to him by a couple of servants, one of whom remained to wait upon him.

Erle had, on seeing the approach of visitors, formed a wish to dine alone, but was dissatisfied to find his wish anticipated. He suspected that he had been considered too humble for such distinction, and his dinner seemed to choke him as he swallowed it.

"I will never eat the bread of dependence, and so my lord of Kingswood shall find," he murmured to himself, when again left alone. "What care I for this great house and park if I am to be regarded and treated as an intruder! He shall tell me who and what I am, that I may know how to face and fight with the world."

He turned his eyes about his gloomy room, and he thought of the brilliant revelry below. He wondered if that fair girl, whose warm breath seemed yet to play, zephyr-like, upon his ear, would be of the party, and whether the tenderness intended for Cousin Cyril, which he had received, would be repeated when Cousin Cyril was really alone with her. With a sigh, he rose up, and retired to his sleeping apartment.

How large, and shadowy, and grimly silent it looked! A fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, and paled the small light of the lamp he bore, but it cast black and ghastly shadows. Still no superstitious awe raised any feeling of dread within him.

He paused before the portrait of a lady, in the prime of life, which was hung above the large chimney-piece, and regarded it earnestly.

It was the resemblance of a lady of singular beauty, though evidently past the period of youthfulness. A strange feeling passed over his frame as he gazed upon it. His lips quivered, and he murmured—

"Had I such a mother as this?"

Then putting down his taper, he threw himself upon the bed, and cried—

"How desolate! Oh, how desolate I am!"

But nature, ever beneficent, changed his sobbing into slumber, and he lay motionless upon the bed, until the hour of midnight was tolled by the great, solemn bell, in the clock-tower.

The sky had cleared, the wind had sunk, the bright beams of an unclouded moon poured in brilliant refulgence into the room, rendering every object within it distinctly visible.

The mouldering embers upon the hearth threw a red glare only in their immediate vicinity, the lamp was extinguished, and the cold moonbeams reigned supreme.

If sounds of festivity from joyous guests had, during the evening, disturbed the stillness, they had ceased now. All, within and without, was as silent as a cathedral aisle in the dead of night.

As the last peal of the bell yet vibrated in the air, Erle suddenly rose up in his bed rigidly erect. His eyes were wide open, but fixed. He stepped lightly on the floor, and walked slowly across the apartment, as if steadily following some object.

He entered the sitting-room with the same slow, measured step, still as if in pursuit, and paused before an oaken door, situated in a remote corner of the apartment. Then he clapped his hands upon his temples, uttered a low cry, and fell on the floor, as if bereft of life.

CHAPTER IV.

As the turret-bell, with a deep and sonorous tone, chimed the hour of one, Erle sprang from his prostrate position to his feet, and gazed wildly around him.

His lips moved rapidly, and gave utterance to incoherent words, those alone audible being—

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
Shall toil and fight,
In sorrow and pain,
And must solve the wonder of Kingswood Chace."

It seemed to him as if the repetition of the words recalled to him a consciousness of his position. He covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then looked once more slowly and earnestly around him.

The decaying wood embers threw a flickering glare upon the quaint, grim old furniture, and caused them to look more grotesque and ghostly than in the daylight. He was some little while before he could realise his situation, and then, drawing a long breath, he murmured—

"I have been dreaming. But, merciful Heaven, what a horrid dream!" A shivering fit seized him, and hurrying to his bed-chamber, he divested himself of his attire, and buried himself beneath the clothes.

Out of an unrefreshing sleep, disturbed by wild and feverish dreams, he was awakened by Lord Kingswood's valet, a dark, sallow-faced looking individual, excellent, no doubt, in his capacity, but by no means attractive in his personal appearance.

He was precisely one of those individuals into whose arms nobody, especially the softer sex, would rush with enthusiasm. He had a long visage, bectling brows, and shifty, restless black eyes.

Erle naturally frowned as this visage presented itself on opening his eyes to his gaze, even though its owner had done him the service of waking him from a distracting dream, and without a word, inquired by a glance why he had aroused him.

The man replied as if questioned.

"By the orders of my Lord Kingswood, I awaken you to inform you that it is his lordship's wish—and it is understood that his wishes are commands—that for the present you will confine yourself scrupulously to the apartments you at present occupy. There are guests at the manor, and his lordship deems it advisable that until their departure you should remain secluded in your chamber. Every attention to your comfort will be paid. His lordship will shortly pay you a visit, and hopes to find you contented and obedient."

Erle gazed with indignant eyes upon him.

"What!" he cried, "am I to be detained here a prisoner?"

"There will be no objection on his lordship's part to your indulging yourself with a walk in the Chace," returned the valet, with an offensive superciliousness of tone. "But you will proceed to it by a communication which leads from a door at the end of the adjoining corridor. It has not been used for many, many years. His lordship alone keeps possession of the key; here it is. He entrusts it to you, but it must not leave your custody. Shall I convey to his lordship that you readily assent to his wishes?"

"To his commands," responded Erle, with a curling lip. "You will inform his lordship that I must perforce comply, as for the present I cannot help myself."

The valet raised his eyes with a sinister look, and with the habitual bow, he disappeared.

It was daylight, the sky was blue, and the air without seemed frosty. Erle rose at once, and hastily attired himself, and entered the sitting-room.

As he advanced to the centre, his eye fell upon the oaken door in the furthermost corner of the room.

Hestarted, and placed his hand to his forehead with a confused manner. After a few minutes' thought, he muttered—

"A dream, but how singular—how terrible!"

He approached the window, but the gardens and pleasure-grounds were not visible, and the figure of that young girl, whose touch, the day before had thrilled every nerve in his frame, was not to be seen in any direction, nor that of any other human being either.

He ate his solitary breakfast, which he found prepared for him, but no attendant remained to wait upon him; partook of it sparingly, and with a most painful sense of loneliness taking possession of him. He quickly grew restless and impatient, and the sight of the key, which Lord Kingswood's valet had given to him, resting on the table where he had thrown it, determined him to take advantage of the permission given to him to visit the Chace.

The door at the end of the corridor was quickly found, and as quickly, though not without difficulty, unlocked. Erle saw before him a staircase, which ascended as well as descended, but he took little note of it, and closing the door behind him, he proceeded, aided by a very dim and uncertain light, down a worn, narrow stone staircase, with a rude iron railing for banisters. He continued his descent until he fancied the stairs were interminable; but it was not until he found himself in utter darkness that he halted.

His first impulse was to retrace his steps, his second to proceed. It seemed improbable that the valet had given erroneous directions to him. Besides, he had read that these old places had curious modes of communication, and no doubt the present way of entrance to the Chace remained as when built some hundreds of years previously. He therefore continued groping his way, until he at length reached the bottom.

Before him, shining in the darkness, upon a level with his eyes, there appeared to be a glittering diamond. The next instant the illusion passed away, and he decided that he there perceived the outlet to the Chace.

He hurried along still—save the small light from the aperture—in utter darkness, over uneven, damp, and slimy ground, until he was rewarded by the object of his search. A massive iron door, pierced with circular holes, crossed unexceedingly by small bars of iron, barred his further progress; but his key, when applied, after repeated trials of his utmost strength, turned the lock; there remained two massive bolts to remove. One more powerful exertion of his muscular powers, and he succeeded in opening the door sufficiently wide to squeeze through the space, as narrow as it was. He found himself in a gap, choked with an undergrowth of brushwood and shrubs.

He looked upwards, and found the branches of the tall trees spread high above him, intervening between the earth and sky. He forced his way through the entangled mass of shrubs and brushwood, and he stood fairly and freely in a copse forming part of Kingswood Chace.

Everywhere around him grew trees forming alleys and vistas, leading in all directions of the compass; and already acquainted with the precautions necessary to be taken in forest ramblings, he attentively regarded the form and character of the tree nearest to the gap, and the position of the sun, and commenced cutting notches in the nearest trees, and sticking pieces of paper on straggling twigs, as landmarks by which to find his way to the gap again. While thus employed, he heard the shriek of a female voice, sharp, quick, and piercing. The sound rose up like the cry of a wounded bird, and did not appear to emanate at any great distance from him.

He hastened towards the spot, and soon ascertained that he was on the right track by hearing voices in altercation.

He distinctly heard a voice exclaim—"Stand back, you ruffian, or I'll shoot you! Stand back, you scoundrel, or I'll fire at you!"

A few hasty leaps, and an impetuous burst through an entangled thicket, and he emerged into a glade.

Immediately before him stood a youth in shooting garb, holding a double-barrelled gun ready to raise to his shoulder and level, confronting a shaggy-haired, gipsy-looking fellow, of huge stature, who, with clenched hands, was preparing, at all risks, to make a spring upon the armed young sportsman.

Upon the green turf, near to the youth, lay in a swoon, a young girl, in a light dress.

The ruffian had paused in his leap as Erle came crashing through the boughs, for he was uncertain whether a friend or an enemy would make an appearance; but when he saw a youth of no greater calibre than the one he was about to attack, he laughed coarsely.

The young sportsman cried, excitedly—

"Aha! A friend, I see! My good fellow, pick up this poor girl, and carry her away through the glade to the left. I'll come to you presently. Halt before you get far, because I know where to convey her, and you don't."

"Give me the gun!" cried Erle, as he seized hold suddenly of the weapon. "You

know where to bear her, and who to deliver her up to. I'll keep this fellow at bay until you are safely away; then I'll follow with the gun."

"Bravely said—hurrah!" cried the young sportsman. "I owe you a good turn for this. Stick to him, our keeper will be up in a minute; you can give the gun to him."

All these words were gabbled rather than spoken, and quite as rapidly was the transfer of the double-barrelled gun made.

The young sportsman lifted quickly the prostrate girl in his arms, and hurried off with her.

A glance informed Erle that she had a face of marvellous beauty; but it was blanched, as if death had already made his claim.

With an oath, the gipsy ruffian moved towards the retreating sportsman, but Erle placed himself with a bound before him.

He raised the gun to his shoulder, and aimed it point blank at the man's head.

"Stay where you are, or I'll give you both barrels in the skull," he cried, in a firm, determined voice.

"You git out o' my way, or I'll cut thee weasand with my knoife," responded the fellow, drawing from his pocket a formidable clasp-knife, which he opened.

"These triggers are quicker than your hand," returned Erle, speaking with cool steadiness. "You put out a foot to approach me, or raise that hand with the knife in it, and by the Supreme Power that made me, I'll give you the contents of the gun."

"D'ye s'pose I keare for the peppercorns in thee gun?" exclaimed the ruffian, snarling like a dog. "They'll flatten again my head like biled peas again a stone wall. I've tried 'em."

"Don't try these," answered Erle, covering his head with the muzzle of the gun, and speaking without excitement.

"Thee be'est a bold lad, an' I don't want to to hurt thee," exclaimed the ruffian, as he caught a glimpse of the fluttering dress of the girl in the arms of the young sportsman disappearing among the thickly clustered tree-stems. "But I tell 'ee behat an' thee don't gi' back, by gosh I'll jump on thee, and cut thee, and slash thee wi' knife as I would a varmint, I tell 'ee."

He drew a pace nearer, with his knife clenched in his hand, and crouched as if he would wait for the shot and dodge it, and then leap upon the boy and half kill him, before he pursued the young sportsman carrying off his prize.

"Back, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Erle, in a louder and more energetic tone, though by no means exhibiting flurry. "I can hit a titlark on the wing, and if you move an inch nearer, I'll blow your eyes out."

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when he ducked down and made a bound towards Erle, with extraordinary agility and power. He reached him, and grasped at the barrel of the gun, but missed it, and one of the barrels went off, discharging the shot harmlessly in the air.

The next instant, Erle, however, nimble as himself, was twenty paces from him, and discharged the remaining barrel full at his body. The shot struck the ruffian on the breast; two or three buried themselves in his face. He uttered a howl of pain, staggered and fell, but rose in an instant again, for the thickness of his sandy-colored velveteen coat prevented the charge from having any further effect than the one above described.

He dashed at Erle, who was, however, prepared for him with the gun clubbed ready to strike him down with the butt-end of it. As the fellow reached him, Erle swung the gun round his head, and delivered it; but the ruffian, with the agility of a wild cat, escaped it. And here, probably, would have terminated this history so far as Erle Gower was concerned, for the ruffian sprung on to him as the butt-end of the gun reached the turf, to bury his knife in his body, but a mound of turf, unseen by him, tripped him and he fell.

At the same moment, a brace of pointers, attracted by the report of the gun, came bounding into the glade, followed by a gamekeeper and a couple of beaters.

The ruffian scrambled up, and exclaimed, between his teeth, as he shook his clenched fist at Erle—

"Keep out o' Kingswood Chase if thee wouldn't ha' slit weasand. I'll kill thee if ever a' meet thee alone, as sure as moy name be Tubal Kish—that I'll."

Then, with the speed of a deer, he darted off in the opposite direction to that in which the gamekeeper was advancing.

The dogs, as soon as they beheld Erle holding the gun with the stock on the ground, lay down, and in a few seconds more, the gamekeeper came up, and Erle briefly related what had taken place.

The gamekeeper, with a look of surprise, took the double-barrel from Erle, and, examining it, said—

"Why, it is the young squire's gun."

Then turning to Erle, he asked which way he took. Erle pointed it out to him, and the gamekeeper, accompanied by dogs and beaters, hurried after him, saying—

"The young master is the one we must follow. Yonder rough will bury himself like a fox in the earth. His must be a keen scent who can unkennel Tubal Kish when he is once stole away."

Erle, left to the pursuit of his own ruminations, devoted himself to the task of recovering the track to the gap, in which the entrance to the subterranean passage, leading to the manor-house, was situated; and not without the exercise of skill and consummate patience discovered it.

He worked his way beneath the brushwood, retraced his steps, fastening the iron door as before, and ultimately he regained his own apartment, having taken sufficient careful notice of particular objects on his return, that he should be able to find his way to the corridor, in connection with his room, without difficulty again. He had not long re-entered his room, when he received a summons to attend Lady Kingswood in her boudoir, as she desired to have a little conversation with him. He obeyed the request brought to him by Mrs. Muddlemist, in her usual pompous manner; from which, however, she occasionally departed to give a quick and shivering glance around the room, and an amazing stare at Erle, as though he had performed some unexampled feat, and yet continued to live.

As soon as he was alone with Lady Kingswood, who reclined with a listless, luxurious manner, in a rich *fauteuil*, he found that he had not been cautioned in vain respecting the communications he would be called upon to make, for Lady Kingswood put every variety of questions to him, from delicate suggestions down to rude and abruptly direct queries. His impatient manner, his burning cheeks, though witnessed by her, did not absolve him from her seemingly inexhaustible interrogations.

At last, having extracted all she was likely to obtain, she said, musingly—

"And you really assure me that you are unacquainted with your parents—your extraction, in fact?"

With closed teeth, inflated nostrils, and humid eyes, Erle bowed to her.

"You do not, in fact, know who you are?"

Erle drew himself proudly up, and said, in a tone made rich by emotion—

"I am Erle Gower. A name may disgrace as well as elevate. I will not stain the name I bear."

"Romance," murmured Lady Kingswood, gazing steadfastly at him, unable to suppress a feeling of admiration at his handsome, flushed face, and really noble bearing. "By your own argument it is well to have had a father known to the world favorably, for the former possessor of the name of Gower might not have been held in high odor by the honorable."

"And he might have been, madam!" exclaimed Erle, almost fiercely, "else, madam, why am I beneath this roof, or under the protection of Lord Kingswood?"

Lady Kingswood looked at him fixedly.—Really, the boy was very handsome, and very gentlemanly in his manner and appearance. Would it be possible for him to become attached to her? A young and graceful companion, with a form so elegant and attractive as his, would be highly desirable to one who went abroad so much by herself. Lord Kingswood certainly grew more unsociable every day.

Suddenly she remembered that he had spoken, and bending her head towards him, she said—

"I beg your pardon, my thoughts ran away with me—what did you observe?"

"That those to whom I am indebted for my existence could scarcely have been so undistinguished as your ladyship, pardon me, unkindly suggests, or the lord of Kingswood would surely not take sufficient interest in me to provide for me a home beneath his own roof!" he answered, with offended dignity.

Her eyes, as he concluded, flashed fire. She half rose up, with an air of excitement, and said, with severity—

"You have touched a chord there. Lord Kingswood does take an interest in you. Why does he do this?"

"I do not know," replied Erle, with a lowering brow.

"I appeal to your love of truth, Mr. Gower," she said, urgently; "tell me, I request you earnestly, why does Lord Kingswood take an interest in you?"

"Lord Kingswood will himself inform you, madam; I cannot," returned Erle; adding—"I beg, madam, you will not prolong an interview which you cannot fail to perceive must be very painful to me."

"Hardly less to me, Mr. Gower," she returned, "because you have increased some misgivings and raised others by your inability to give me the information I require. Have you seen Lord Kingswood to-day?"

"I have received a message from his lordship, but I have not seen him," answered Erle, reluctantly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, half soliloquizing. "So, then, he knew where you have been located. Consummate hypocrite!"

Musing for a minute, she presently inquired what message his lordship had sent to Erle, and he informed her, though he did not mention that he had already taken advantage of the permission to visit the Chace already.

"One moment, if you please," she said to Erle, motioning to him to be seated, for he had not yet, though directed to do so, taken a seat in her presence.

She placed her fair hands to her temples, and gazed upon the fire thoughtfully. She remained some few minutes thus. Then arousing herself, she muttered—

"I will prevail in this!"

She addressed herself to Erle, and smiling upon him with the most winning, fascinating expression she could compose her features into, she said—

"The interest Lord Kingswood takes in you cannot be of a kind to keep you incarcerated in the dreariest part of this dull pile. You will dine with us to-day; *I* will acquaint Lord Kingswood that it is by *my* especial desire that you favor us with your company. The second bell will summon you to the drawing-room. If you are in doubt as to its situation, your attendant will conduct you to it. Good morning—Erle—I think you said your Christian name—"

"Erle!" he replied.

"Good morning, Erle!" she exclaimed, turning upon him a glance intended to be enchanting, but which had only the effect of perplexing him.

He bowed low to her, and smiled because she smiled. He hastened from the room, heartily glad to be released.

"He will certainly be an exceedingly handsome man," she murmured, with a sigh, as he departed.

"What a variable woman!" he exclaimed, as he returned to his apartments; "singularly unamiable and rudely inquisitive, yet excessively pleasing in her manner, too, if she so wills it."

Erle dressed for dinner with more care than he had ever before bestowed upon himself. Nothing appeared to satisfy him, even though, according to her indirect promise, Lady Kingswood had sent him a supernumerary valet to assist him at his toilet.

As he arranged and rearranged himself before the glass, he seemed to feel a pair of exquisitely soft hands pressing on his eyelids;—probably that was the reason he could not see himself as he wished to look.

The second bell beat a responsive blow on his heart every peal. Never had he felt so nervous, so little self-possessed before.

Attended by the servant, he descended to the drawing-room, and entering, found a rather large party assembled. There were elderly men, young men, elderly ladies, and young ladies, but not a face he recognized.

Many inquiring eyes were turned upon him—some glances remorselessly fixed upon him by dowagers. A clergyman, with a kindly look, alone bowed and smiled as he passed, and glided to a recess leading to one of the windows.

He fancied he should be able to stand here alone, unnoticed and unquestioned, and he noiselessly moved into it.

To encounter a pair of deep, lustrous, blue eyes, fixed upon him in amaze—questioning, half-tempted, half-gratified amaze.

Here alone, unnoticed but by himself, stood the fair owner of the soft, small fingers, and the silvery, musical voice.

What was he to do—what was he to say? He had not been introduced to her; he did not know who she was; he was quite convinced that she could have no idea of his identity.

He felt this; his eyes, large and handsome, fastened themselves with an earnest look upon hers, but his lips refused to utter a word. He bowed timidly, and she responded timidly, too. Her cheek crimsoned, her brow became roseate. She turned her face to the window, and it became white as death.

She turned again her eyes upon his. Not unkindly, very far from that was it; appealingly, as though to remind him not to mention how they had first met.

She seemed as if she would speak—as if she wished to speak. Then, as if unable to withstand the brilliancy of his eyes—their expression was soft and dreamy, too—she turned again, and gazed out of the window.

As she did this, she pulled the leaves from the flowers of a beautiful bouquet she held in her hand to pieces, and they lay like snow-flakes upon the floor.

At this moment there was a slight buzz and a stir among the folks near them. A pleasant laugh replied to some warm and friendly observations, and the fair young creature turned her eyes smilingly, with evident pleasure, in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

"Cousin Cyril," she murmured, audibly, and with unmistakable satisfaction.

A shade passed over Erle's face, and a pang went through his heart.

Another moment, and he was at her side.

"Ha! sweet little coz," he exclaimed, with a tone of joyfulness, "I have not seen you the whole day; I have been in despair. Do I not look ill?"

"I never saw you look better or happier, Cyril," she replied, smiling, and speaking in a tone Erle thought far too tender, though she did happen to be his cousin.

As she concluded, her cousin Cyril gallantly raised her hand to his lips. As he released it, he turned to encounter Erle, who had witnessed the action with a feeling of impatient annoyance.

Each recognized the other in a moment. Cyril, with an unequivocal expression of surprise spreading over his features, held out his hand, to which Erle instinctively responded, and he felt his own pressed with warmth.

"My brave friend of this morning!" ejaculated Cyril, with ardor. "How glorious that we should meet here!" He suddenly lowered his voice. "Not a word about the adventure in the Chace. We will discuss that when we are alone." Then resuming his natural tone, he continued—"You are a guest here—that is evident; but it is strange that I should not know you. Pardon me, but to whom have I the honor, as well as the pleasure, of speaking?"

Before Erle could answer, a silvery voice, proceeding from one immediately behind him, cried, quickly—

"Mr. Gower, Mr. Gower!"

He turned, and beheld, almost at his elbow, Lady Kingswood, magnificently dressed.—She made a gesture for him to come to her side.

At this instant dinner was announced, and her ladyship, in a manner far more affable than condescending, said to Erle—

"Mr. Gower, will you favor me with your arm?"

Erle started, and as he rapidly glanced round the assembly, he perceived that every eye was fastened upon him with an expression of amazement.

Flushed and embarrassed, he hastily tendered his arm to her ladyship, who at once placed her small, gloved hand upon it.

In their rear, some one pressed up, and a voice, which forced its sound through clenched teeth, exclaimed—

"Lady Kingswood!"

They both turned. Before them they beheld Lord Kingswood, livid with rage. He pointed to a tall individual of distinguished appearance, wearing very long and ample fair mustaches, and possessing very dreamy eyes, and whispered—

"The Marquis of Effingham will—"

Lady Kingswood's eyelids fluttered, she half closed them, and addressing her husband in cold, measured tones, she said—

"I can hardly have misinterpreted your lordship's wishes. If I have, permit me to express my regret. It is too late to alter the present arrangement. Lady Maud will, with pleasure, accept the honor the Marquis designed for your most humble servant. *Allons*, Mr. Gower."

She bent to Lord Kingswood, and marched off with Erle, sweeping along with a proud bearing, though she turned and spoke to Erle in a low and confidential tone, rendering him yet more embarrassed and uncomfortable, and inducing all who observed her ladyship's behaviour to whisper to each other, in a spirit of curiosity and amazement—

"Who is he?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FREAKS OF A MANIAC.

HE ESCAPES FROM A LUNATIC ASYLUM, MARRIES A RICH WIDOW, AND BUYS A BLOCK OF BUILDINGS.

About a year since, a gentleman in the interior of Wisconsin became insane and was sent to the Lunatic Asylum at Madison, in that State. He was a physician by profession, and was a gentleman of superior cultivation and of remarkably prepossessing appearance. He was about thirty years old.—Some six weeks ago he escaped from the asylum, and went to Chicago. There he encountered an old friend, who loaned him quite a sum of money, having no suspicion of his insanity. With this money he supplied himself with new and elegant clothing, and started for Laporte, Indiana, a thrifty village on the line of the Michigan Southern Railroad. He remained there long enough to win the affections of a young and wealthy widow, and was married to her. During the brief courtship, he exhibited no indications of lunacy, but shortly after his marriage, he commenced conducting himself in a manner which startled and shocked his wife and her friends.

Among other mad fancies, he believed he was a sheep, and insisted upon crawling around upon his hands and feet, bleating in the most absurd manner. He would then fancy himself a rattlesnake, and make frantic attempts to bite the members of his household. The unhappy lady, at length worn out with watching him and endeavoring to restore his reason, made preparations to send him to the Asylum at Indianapolis. But as is frequently the case, insanity had sharpened his wits, and he adroitly escaped. We next hear of him in Syracuse, N. Y., where he actually purchased a block of buildings. The necessary papers were made out, and he was to call the next day with the money. He was to pay an outrageous sum for the property, and it is said the parties with whom he made the bargain, chuckled vastly over the propitious winds that had blown them so profitable and fresh a subject. But they saw no more of him. The lunatic started westward. At Buffalo he bargained for an immense amount of corn, to be delivered in New York city, and then proceeded to Cleveland. He arrived here last week, and endeavored to negotiate for some real estate on Kinsman street, but he talked so absurdly that the parties with whom he had interviews refused to treat with him.

Meanwhile his friends, and particularly his wife in Wisconsin (for he had a wife and two children in that State) were making every effort to ascertain his whereabouts. They traced him to Syracuse, and from there to this city. His brother arrived here on Saturday morning last, but found that the lunatic had left on the previous evening's train for the West. He followed on Saturday morning. At Toledo he learned that he had gone West on the Southern Michigan train, and he perseveringly continued the chase.—At Adrian he found and captured him and took him home.

When not in his rabid fits, few would discover the unfortunate man's true condition. He would make very absurd propositions, and offer exorbitant sums of money for property that hit his fancy, but he would do so in so candid and captivating a manner as to, in most cases, disarm suspicion.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

NOT A TOTAL ABSTINENCE BIRD.

An eminent dean, now attached to a cathedral in the North of England, has of late beguiled his leisure hours with lecturing upon the advantages of total abstinence from all fermenting liquors; he is, besides, a perfect "counterblast," to use King James's expression, against the use of tobacco. A short time ago some one gave the dean a very handsome parrot, but its education had been neglected. One day Mr. Dean was expatiating upon the beauties of his favorite, and lamenting its only defect, in the presence of two young ladies, the daughters of the bishop. "Oh," exclaimed one, rather vivaciously, "if that is all, Mr. Dean, we can easily manage to give Poll an excellent education. Let us take her over to ——— Castle, where we have a parrot who talks divinely; ours will soon teach yours, and you will have yours, like ours, talking all the day long." The dean was pleased with the idea, and Poll migrated from the deanery to the castle. A few weeks afterward she was returned safe and sound, with a warrant to talk as well as any other gifted bird of her family. Poll, upon her arrival, was placed in the library. About the same time a deputation was ushered in, to ask the dean to fix a day for giving his lecture to the Anti-tobacco-and-brandy-and-water Association. As the dean entered the room, he observed Poll glorying in her gilded cage, clutching the wires with her claws and beak, and cracking a bushel of nuts, as she climbed away from the perch to the switch. "Oh!" said the dean, "excuse me, gentlemen, a minute; just come here. This is my parrot; she has been to the bishop's to be taught to speak, and has been brought back this morning; pretty Poll!" Poll screwed her neck round, gave a comical glance out of the corner of her eye, and then, with amazing courage and volubility, screamed out, "Take a pipe, Mr. Dean—Mr. Dean, take a pipe. Another glass for Mr. Dean. Brandy an' waur—Brandy an' waur—Mr. Dean, take a pipe."

NEW REMEDY FOR DROUGHTS.—A letter from Lynchburg, in the Richmond Dispatch, says: "A gentleman who resides near Boydton, Mecklinburg county, Va., has aspired to a new science—that of controlling the clouds in order to cause it to rain at will. With the view of attaining this end he has built a 'rain tower,' which novel structure is said to be thirty feet diameter at the base, which size it retains to the height of forty feet. To this height it contains four flues, each seven feet in diameter. The number of flues is then reduced to two, which run up twenty feet higher, the top of the structure reaching an altitude of sixty feet. The whole concern was erected at a cost of about $1,000. The *modus operandi* of causing rain to fall is as follows:—The flues are filled with dry pine wood, which is set on fire, and which is kept up until the desired effect is produced on the elements. The theory is that the great heat produced in the air above the 'tower' will cause the clouds to concentrate over it, when plenty of rain will fall in that vicinity. The originator of this novel idea is said to be a firm believer in the practicability and utility of his invention, notwithstanding the fact that, after repeated trials, during which he consumed hundreds of cords of wood, his tower failed to produce the desired effect on the unpropitious heavens, he having been a great sufferer from drought during the entire spring and summer." This is the famous plan proposed by Espy, several years ago, except that it is on a much smaller scale. Espy proposed to build a large number of great fires, extending in a long line north and south, when he thought that a rain would occur at the eastward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PROGRESS OF GREAT EVENTS.

At the last advices the King of Naples was supposed to be at Capua, which town was barricaded and armed.

It was reported that the King's troops and the Garibaldians had exchanged shots at the outposts near Capua.

The French Minister would quit Naples on the 27th ult.

Garibaldi has written a letter, in which he declares that there exists an irreconcilable difference between his policy and that of Count Cavour.

It is reported that the quarrel between the Sardinian Government and Garibaldi has arrived at such a pitch, that King Victor Emmanuel has determined to proceed to Naples to obtain a personal interview with Garibaldi.

The Neapolitan Ministry has resigned. It is reported that Signor Conforto has been entrusted with the duty of forming a new one.

The official Bulletin of the battle of Castle Fidalda, had been published. The details agree with the previous statements. Among the six hundred prisoners taken there are over thirty officers, some of high rank. In consequence of the victory, 4,000 Papal troops, mostly foreigners, and 50 officers, the guards of Gen. Lamoriciere, with six guns, ammunition, &c., capitulated on the 19th, and laid down their arms.

General Cialdini conceded the honors of war to the prisoners taken, and permitted them to return home. Nothing remained of Gen. Lamoriciere's army except the troops shut up in Ancona, and about 2,000 dispersed in the mountains.

General Fanti's head-quarters are at Loretto.

The siege artillery has been disembarked at the Sardinian camp near Ancona.

The arrival of General Goyon, it is said, has determined the Pope to remain in Rome.

The Sardinians continued their advance in the Papal States. The fortress of Santa Leo had surrendered after some hours' fighting, and was occupied by the Sardinian troops.

The cannonade of Ancona, by land and sea, was continued at intervals, and the Sardinians had occupied the fortress of Cartillan.

The official Roman Journal contains a note from Cardinal Antonelli, claiming assistance for the Papal cause from the Catholic Powers.

The Garibuldians had met with some reverses near Capua, losing about two hundred men.

Garibaldi has issued a fresh proclamation, the tone of which indicates that he will join the Sardinian troops at Rome, and begin his march against Venice.

PARIS, September 28.—The Paris Patrie denounces as false the report that the Emperor Napoleon had expressed a wished to be invited to Warsaw.

Gen. Garibaldi, in a letter published in the official journal at Naples, says: "Although I am quite disposed to sacrifice all personal feeling on the altar of freedom, I can never be reconciled with men who have sold an Italian province." Nevertheless, a decree of Garibaldi promulgates the Sardinian Constitution for Naples and Sicily, but without fixing a day for carrying it into effect.

The French Minister de l'Armee says *there is nothing in the state of European politics* to prevent the usual six months' furlough being given on the 1st of October.

The Sardinian Ambassador has quitted Paris, leaving the business of the Embassy in charge of his Secretary.

It is generally conceded that the Papal army is virtually disbanded.

There are vague rumors coming via Russia, of unsatisfactory news being received from China.

The official journal of Turin formally denies the reports that Garibaldi's demand of the King of Sardinia to dismiss Cavour and Farini, and garrison Naples. The Turin correspondence not only re-asserts the statement, but gives the tenor of the King's reply, which he is said to have made without consulting his Ministers, as it concerned them personally. In this reply he declares that he cannot comply with such strange pretensions, coming from a man whose successes mislead him.

The English grain crops are turning out badly as to quality, and the markets are again upwards.

An incendiary proclamation, calling the people to arms, has been introduced into Hungary from Bucharest. All the garrisons in Hungary have been placed on a war footing.

Austria has concentrated a great force on the Po, increased the military at Peetolo, and restricted abuses in Venetia.

It is reported that the Prince of Prussia will not be at Warsaw.

It is reported that the commander of the French troops in Syria has given the opinion that Syria will require foreign occupation for at least two years.

Queen Victoria embarked on her visit to Prussia on the 23d ult. She will meet the Prince Regent at Coburg. Lord John Russell accompanies the Queen, and will, it is said, have a political conference with the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Four submarine cables between Valencia and the islands of Joica, Majorca, and Minorca, and thence to Barcelona, have been successfully laid.

Prince John, of Bourbon, publishes in the London Times an appeal to the Spanish people, relative to his right to the throne of Spain.

☞ What are called representative men are too often but the representatives of the follies, prejudices, and absurdities of the people, and not unfrequently the mere representatives of their own selfish interests and ambition.

☞ Since the invention of meerschaums, the segars must give way to the pipe. A modern poet sings:

"Pretty Tube, of magic power,
Charmer of the leisure hour."

Think of a man, and he a poet, addressing a dirty tobacco pipe as his "charmer."

☞ An editor out West received the following stanza from a correspondent, who says he "composed it awl himself:"

"A squirrel is a prete burd,
It's got a quirlie tail;
He stole away my daddis corn,
And et it on a rael."

☞ A good many years ago a Massachusetts man was elected to the office of Lieutenant Governor. When the fact of his election was announced, he was called upon for a speech. He proceeded to acknowledge the honor in very handsome terms, and added that he had no doubt he should make a good Lieutenant Governor, as that was the office he had always held in his own house.

☞ Rossi, of Florence, has published a work entitled "One hundred and Seventy-One Rebellions in the Papal States from 896 to 1859."

POLITICAL ITEMS.

FLORIDA.—The indications are that the Breckinridge State ticket has been elected by about 2000 majority.

KENTUCKY.—The Bell State Committee publish an address, recommending the Bell men in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania to disregard their preferences in voting for the Gubernatorial candidates in their respective States, and throw their votes in such a manner as best to prevent the success of Lincoln.

CONNECTICUT.—The Republicans carried 61 out of 82 towns heard from, at the election on the 1st instant. A gain of 13 towns so far.

OREGON.—The House organized by dividing its officers between the Douglas Democrats and the Republicans. As two-thirds of the Legislature is required to do business, six of the Breckinridge Senators bolted and left Salem, in order to prevent the necessary quorum; one of the bolting Senators is a son-in-law of Gen. Lane. A resolution was passed by the Senate, impowering the Sergeant-at-Arms to compel the attendance of the absent members, and to call to his aid whatever force is necessary. Both Houses then adjourned till the 17th of September.

VIRGINIA.—The Breckinridge Executive Committee at its meeting on the 5th, took no steps toward a fusion. The Douglas Committee repudiate the idea of withdrawing their ticket, and probably no fusion will be accomplished.

ILLINOIS.—Senator Douglas arrived at his home in Chicago on the 5th. He was received by a large delegation.

DELAWARE.—The recent election for Inspectors and Assessors resulted in the success of the Breckinridge party, by about 1,000 plurality in the State. The Breckinridge majority in Wilmington was 18 over the People's candidate, 99 over the Bell and Everett candidate, and 288 over the Douglas candidate.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the President, Miss Lane, and a number of other gentlemen and ladies, left Washington on the 8th on board the U. S. revenue steamer Harriet Lane, for a visit to Mount Vernon. There was a large crowd to witness his departure from the White House, and his embarkation on board the steamer.

Every precaution was taken to prevent a crowd at Mount Vernon during the visit. On the return lunch was served on board the steamer, and in the evening the Prince dined with Lord Lyons, the British Minister. Among the company was the President, the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of St. Germains, General Bruce and others.

On the 9th the Prince and his party left for Richmond.

Among the many ridiculous stories published concerning Lord Renfrew, was one to the effect that he takes no interest in matters of general importance, and that he yawns and sleeps through his railway rides. If this were true of other localities, Pennsylvania was made an exception, for the Prince constantly questioned Mr. Edmund Smith, who accompanied the party, as to the various points along the line. At Fillmore, some distance west of the highest point of the mountains, the train was stopped, and Lord Renfrew, Lord Lyons, Sir Henry Holland, and several others of the party, mounted upon the locomotive. The Prince was furnished with a seat in the engineer's house on the engine, while noble lords, sage councillors of state and young heirs to high titles of nobility, held on to iron bolts; or perched themselves upon the wood and coal on the tender. In this way the train thundered up the mountain, the Prince taking immense interest in everything, questioning engineers and stokers as to the machinery and their duties, and enjoyed the scenery and the novel sensation of a ride upon a locomotive 2,161 feet above tidewater.

After getting through the great tunnel, the older members of the party concluded that they had got enough of the fun, and they clambered down. The Prince, upon the other hand, got out upon the forward part of the locomotive, where he could have a better view of the scenery about Kittaning Point, and in this way he gazed at the magnificent gorges and mountain scenery of that famous locality. Just above Altoona, he resumed his place in the car, after having ridden twenty-five miles across the summit of the Alleghenies on the iron horse.

At Altoona an immense crowd gathered, and cheer after cheer went up as the train stopped. The Prince got upon the platform of his car, and bowed his acknowledgments. Night soon after came on, and the remainder of the distance to this place was passed over by moonlight, and without further matter worthy of notice until Harrisburg was reached, at 11.15. Hence there was a great crowd at the depot, but there was no formal reception, and the party got into carriages amid the shouting of the crowd, and were driven to Coverly's Jones House, at the corner of Market Square and Market street.

THE APPLE CROP.—What shall be done with the apples, is a question asked by all the Eastern farmers. The Boston Courier, speaking of the immense apple crop in Massachusetts and other Eastern States, says:—"The land is full of apples. Every orchard has produced an abundance. It has been a great year of plenty, and if apples would only keep as grain keeps, we should have enough of this year's produce to supply us through seven years of apple famine. But, unfortunately, they perish with the year in which they were grown, and the question is an important one with farmers, 'what shall we do with the apples?' They can't be marketed, a fourth part of them. The markets are glutted. Many farmers are glad to take a dollar a barrel for picked fruit. Thousands of barrels can be bought at that rate in the immediate vicinity of Boston. Fifty cents a bushel, at retail, would secure sales for more than four times the average annual sales of the last ten years, and doubtless the price will come down to that. Shakers, those industrious plodders in all kinds of money getting from the products of the soil and domestic manufactures, will be up to their elbows in apple-sauce and apple-butter—be sure of that—and 'Shaker apple-sauce,' that very excellent product of Shaker skill and neatness, will be abundant in the market. But after these objects have all been supplied, there will be millions of bushels of apples still left unappropriated."

☞ THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.—On Tuesday, the 21st ult., his Royal Highness drove out to see the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. Whilst he was contemplating the cascade, a bystander remarked that the noise was deafening. "Ah," said another, "that is indeed extraordinary. Cataract is generally blinding." The speaker was a surgeon; and his observation was rebuked with a universal cry of "Shop!"—*Punch.*

☞ An Eastern editor heads his list of births, marriages, deaths—"Hatched, Matched, and Dispatched."

☞ "So, there's another corruption of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put up her specs. "The paper tells us about burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got afire."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE month of September, usually so lovely in New England, this year ruled with an almost wintry rigor. The three or four last nights of the month brought severe frosts, while the frost of Monday morning, 1st inst., froze the ground stiff in the latitude of Springfield, and formed ice one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Grapes and apples were frozen, and considerable fruit was utterly spoiled. Near Boston the ice formed half an inch thick.

THE opinion is gaining ground among scientific men that the meteor of July last was a body of considerable magnitude coming from beyond our solar system, and probably passing out of it again.

THE sloop Emma, on a recent cruise in the Pacific, captured 800 sharks, some of them with jaws large enough to swallow an ox whole.

A SLAVE in Richmond, Va., was so enraged at being refused some favor by his owner, a few days ago, that he took a hatchet and cut off three of his fingers, destroying, in a moment, several hundred dollars' worth of the offender's property.

THE Havana Diario, received by the arrival of the Cahawba, contains an account of the execution of Gen. Walker. He died with fortitude, professing to be a Catholic. He said that his war upon Honduras was wrong, and that he alone was to blame, accepting death with resignation.

IT is now, we think, fully established that the silver mines in California surpass in richness and extent all silver mines heretofore known in any part of the world, as much as the gold of California, at the time of its discovery, surpassed all gold mines previously known.

THE season at Saratoga is at an end. The great hotels closed simultaneously on Thursday week. The season has been in all respects successful, the number of registered visitors being 2,000 in advance of last year. The new hotel, the Clarendon, has already taken a stand with its most successful competitors, and there are those who believe that next year it will distance the others in the race.

THE Swedish community at Bishop Hill, Ill., is in a very prosperous condition. They number 7,000 persons, and have 12,000 acres of land. Their principal crop is broom-corn, of which they sow about 3,000 acres. This yields them 750 tons, worth $100 per ton. They annually manufacture about 5,000 dozen brooms, and sell the rest of the crop. They also have 2,000 acres of wheat; 2,000 of corn; 1,000 of grass; and 2,000 of other crops. Notwithstanding this flourishing condition, the community system is not popular. A portion have already seceded, and a general division is in contemplation, to take effect the coming winter.

THE wife of the Austrian General Enyatten, who committed suicide upon the discovery of his gigantic frauds during the late Italian war, was lately sentenced to three years' hard labor, her extravagant habits having encouraged her husband in his acts of depredation. In consideration of her children, her sentence was commuted to three months' imprisonment, and the giddy baroness is now serving out the punishment meted out to her for her reckless conduct.

THE traditional morning-dress of Georgia is a straw hat and a pair of spurs. They refine even upon that in Cincinnati, where, according to the correspondent of a morning paper, full evening-dress is a white cravat. The Prince of Wales (he says) appeared in this charming and simple costume at the ball in that city, and was more run after than usual. We don't wonder.

MISS FREDERIKA BREMER has been residing at Athens for several months, and is soon to give to the world her impressions of the country.

THE Count of Aquila, uncle of the ex-King of Naples, has purchased a mansion in Paris for $300,000. His wife is a Brazilian princess, and prodigiously rich.

THE Duke of Newcastle, who attends the Prince of Wales, in his early manhood, when bearing the title of the Earl of Lincoln, married Lady Susan Harriet, sister of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. But that lovely, inconsistent one took it into her head one day to elope with a handsome officer of the Guards, leaving children, husband, and the prospective rank of a duchess in her infatuation. Lord Lincoln obtained a divorce, and plunging more actively than ever into political life, has ever since remained single, dividing his affections between his country and his children.

THE Brighton (Eng.) Guardian records the death of a clerk named Bellringer, in that town, from sucking his pen. A slight wound in his lip being open, the ink produced erysipelas and death.

THE conquest of Naples by Joseph Garibaldi is remarkable in many respects, but the most remarkable circumstance in connection with it is that but eight men were killed in its accomplishment. We do not think that history furnishes a parallel.

MUTINY OF THE K. G. C.'s.—The Memphis Avalanche states that about two thousand members of the order of K. G. C.'s are at present quartered on the Rio Grande, prepared at any moment to pour into Mexico, where they will join the "Liberal" forces and proceed to the Capitol. This body is under the command of Generals Bickley and Grier. Several hundreds of others at Memphis, which is to be the great centre of operations, are also preparing to go forward.

MUSIC BY ELECTRICITY.—Professor Furgang, of Germantown, has just constructed a curious and novel machine, which plays upon the piano or organ from any set composition, no matter how complicated. The machine is so arranged that the largest combination of sounds can be produced with a precision, velocity and power excelling that of the greatest masters of keyed instruments.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—A disastrous fire recently occurred in Long Acre, London, caused by spontaneous combustion of lamp black. It is said that but a few drops of linseed oil in a cask of lamp black will cause combustion. If this is so, it is a fact important to be known, that it may be guarded against. Merchants and others, who ship tarpaulins prepared with oil and lamp black, should be certain that they are thoroughly dried and seasoned before packing.

IT is stated that 4,369 men had been weighed at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston, and that their average weight was 146 lbs. 13 ounces. The mean weight of men in Belgium (Brussels and its environs) is 140.49 pounds. In France (Paris and the neighborhood), the mean weight is 136.89 pounds. In England (taken at Cambridge, between the ages of 18 and 28), the mean weight was found to be 150.98 pounds. It would be a good idea, founded on something more than mere curiosity, to have a good set of scales used at Fairs in all parts of the country.

THE TONNAGE TAX CASE DECIDED.—The Supreme Court, at Sunbury, on Wednesday, 3rd inst., delivered an opinion, affirming the decision of Judge Pearson, in the suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for the tonnage tax overdue. Judge Pearson decided the tax to be constitutional, and the Supreme Court, in affirming the decision, have thus decided that point against the Railroad Company. There is a large sum of money due the State, which has been withheld till this decision, and which will now have to be paid by the Company into the State Treasury.

THE question which has exercised the minds of so many persons in New York, ever since it was proposed to have a ball in honor of the Prince, namely, "Who shall open the ball with the Prince?" has at last been definitely settled. The daughter of Ex-Governor Fish has been chosen as the Prince's first partner. How appropriate! The Prince of W(h)ales to dance with Miss FISH!

CHANGE OF LAW AS TO WILLS.—The last Legislature of New York passed a law that no person having a husband, wife, child or parent, shall, by will, give more than half his or her property to any "benevolent, charitable, literary, scientific, religious, or missionary society, association, or corporation, in trust or otherwise." Any gift of more than one-half is void as to the excess above one-half.

IN the island of Madagascar, the reigning Queen has very suddenly changed her religious policy. She has all at once, by the most solemn form of proceeding known in the kingdom, declared in favor of that son as her successor who is the avowed friend of Christianity.

A COLORED MAN KNIGHTED.—The Queen of England has conferred the honor of Knighthood upon Edward Jordan, of Kingston, Jamaica, a colored man, who kept a sweetmeat and pickle store in that town.

THE hymeneal altar was surprised on Saturday last by the appearance of Walter Williams, Esq., of Larue county, Ky., aged eighty-four years, who was accompanied by a lady not over forty years old, and demanded to have the rites of matrimony solemnized at 11 o'clock at night. Mr. Williams has been married three times; once when young, once when at seventy-seven, and now again at eighty-four. He is a grandfather and great-grandfather to more than one hundred children, several of them older than his wife.—*Petersburg Express.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.—It is said that nine vessels, with the aggregate tonnage of 2,979 tons, have been fitted out at New York for the slave trade, within the last five months.

IN the great Wide Awake torchlight procession in New York, were several artillery companies with their rifled field pieces.

PRESENTIMENTS.

The Columbus State Journal has the following account of a series of presentiments in connection with the loss of the Lady Elgin:—

"In Milwaukee, on the morning of the disaster, and about the very hour of the occurrence, the Chief of Police was awakened from sleep by the sense of a terrible calamity, so that he rose and visited all the police stations in the city, to see that nothing should happen that his care could avert, and at daybreak he returned to his room with the same vague yet fearful presentiment depressing him.—When he arose again, at nine, the news of the wreck had thrilled the whole city. During the night, a lady whose husband was lost on the Lady Elgin was warned of his death in a dream. The wife of Captain Barry dreamed that she saw the Elgin wrecked and her husband sink, as actually befel.

"A lady who had no friends on the ill-fated vessel, awoke in the night with the feeling that, as she expressed it, 'something dreadful was happening,' and was so wrought upon by terror that she could not sleep again, and rose and waited till the news of the catastrophe interpreted her forebodings. A mother who was lost gave her child in charge of a friend before going upon the excursion, with the injunction to place it with the Sisters of Mercy, if she should not return. This request was made playfully, as if the mother attached no particular importance to it; at the same time she would not leave until she had exacted a solemn promise to that effect."

WEALTH CANNOT BUY HEALTH.—John Jacob Astor left a son bearing his own name, who is now a hopeless imbecile. Our readers have, perhaps, often seen him, creeping about the streets, attended by a gentleman who never leaves him, by day or night. An elegant mansion on Fourteenth street, is the abode of the poor unfortunate. A yard, comprising an entire square, is attached, with room for walking, riding on horseback, and for recreation. Horses, carriages and servants wait on his call. He was a promising boy until he was 17, when his mental and physical powers began to fail, and he is now reduced to what we see. His attendant, who is said to have undoubted influence over him, is largely compensated. Besides a liberal provision for him in the case of Mr. Astor's death, he receives $6,000 a year, with his house-rent and living. What poor laboring man, with his dollar a day, would exchange places with John Jacob Astor, Jr.?—*N. Y. Sun.*

NO STRYCHNINE IN WHISKEY.—At the meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association, of New York, on the 11th ultimo, a paper was read by Mr. Carney, of Boston, on the frauds and deceptions practised on the public by adulterations of drugs. In one popular idea, however, says the report, there is a great error—in regard to the strychnine in whiskey. In a large number of whiskey analyses made during the past year, we have not been able to detect in a single instance the presence of the least trace of strychnine, and we have not been able to ascertain from any reliable source that the practice of using strychnine in whiskey is ever followed. The fact also that one part of strychnine will impart a sensible bitterness to 600,000 parts of water would seem to preclude its being used for that purpose.

CHURNING THE FARMERS.—A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Ulster county, New York, states that some rascals are traversing the State, swindling the farmers, pretending to sell a new kind of churn, and rights for the same. By certain representations and promises, they have succeeded in obtaining a large amount of money and notes, such notes to be left with a pretended agent in each town, to whom churns are to be sent. The notes thus obtained they sell the first opportunity, and move on quickly. They have operated pretty largely in that State, and as they may visit Pennsylvania in time, our people should be on their guard.

NOT SET DOWN IN THE PLAY.—During the performance of the Octoroon in the theatre yesterday afternoon, in the scene where Zoe is about to take the poison, Nathan Winslow, Esq., of this city, astonished both audience and actors by rushing upon the stage and seizing Zoe (Miss Kimberly), shouting out in a highly excited manner: "Hold, Zoe—don't take it! I command the underground railroad. Fly! fly with me and you are safe. Come to Canada, to the possessions of Queen Victoria, and you are free! *free! free!*" Manager MacFarland soon set things to rights, and the excited gentleman left the stage.—*Portland Argus.*

NAPOLEON'S PRICE.—Napoleon obtained Savoy and Nice as an offset for Victor Emmanuel's accession of Lombardy and other Italian territory, by the war which ended in the Peace of Villa Franca. Monsignore Nardi, special envoy from the Pope to the Emperor of Austria, has published a pamphlet in Vienna, in which he *positively* asserts that France will get the city of Genoa, the coast of Liguria, and the island of Sardinia, as a set-off against the Two Sicilies being added to the territory of Victor Emmanuel.

CALDERARA.—A Milanese nobleman has lately departed this life, leaving his whole fortune, amounting to 6,000,000f., as a legacy to the principal hospital of that city. His favorite maxim was evidently a reversal of the old adage—"A fat kitchen makes a lean will," for his sole food had for years consisted of half-starved rabbits. About a hundred of these animals were discovered running wild about the house in which he died. A few weeks before his death, this Italian Elwes, who lived in the most perfect seclusion, and in a state of misery and filth which defies description, was visited by a deputation charged with the office of collecting subscriptions for Garibaldi and the Sicilian cause. At this application he opened his eyes very wide, and protested that he had never heard either of the cause or of the man. "It was only lately," he added, "and by a mere accident, that he had been informed that the Austrians were no longer in Milan."—The Calderara legacy is one of the local topics of the day.

A RUSSET and a spice apple tree stand side by side in Huntington, L. I., and on the latter are twenty or thirty apples, one-half of which are spice, and the other half russet.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The late foreign news imparted a little better feeling to the Flour market, and holders generally have advanced their pretensions 12½c ₱ bbl; the demand, however, has since been limited, and only some 8000 bbls found buyers at $5,62½@5,75 for standard and good straight superfine; $5,75@6 for extras—the latter for selected brands—and $6@6,25 for extra family. The inquiry both for export and home use continues light, and the market inactive, the trade buying in lots as wanted at the above figures for superfine and extras, and $6,50@7 ₱ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also quiet, with further small receipts, and sales of Penna meal at $3,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and sales of Wheat have been moderate during the past week. Sales reach about 40,000 bus, at from $1,25 to $1,32 for common to prime Penna and Western Reds; $1,30@1,35 for Southern do; $1,40@1,45 for Penna and Western White, the latter for prime Ohio, and $1,50 for handsome Kentucky, mostly all from store. Rye is lower, and selling in lots as wanted, at 70@77c for Delaware; 80@82c for State, and 82@85c for New York, closing at the lowest figure. Corn has been dull and drooping, the demand being only to supply the trade, and sales reach about 17,000 bus, in lots, at 70@71c for inferior; 72@72½c for mixed Western; and 73½@74c for fair to good and prime Delaware and Penna Yellow, in store and afloat. Oats have also ruled inactive, but without any material change to note, and about 20,000 bus found buyers at 36c for prime Delaware, and 36½@37c for Penna. Barley is coming in more freely, and prime New York is offered at 90c without finding buyers. Barley Malt is also quiet.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in the market, and barrelled Meats are selling in a small way at $19,75@20 for mess Pork, and $12@14 for city mess Beef. Bacon is unsettled, plain and fancy Hams moving off slowly at 12@14c; Sides at 13c; and Shoulders at 9½@10c. Of Green Meats the stock is nearly exhausted, and no sales have been made public. Lard is quiet at 13@13½c for tes, and 13½@13¾c for kegs, cash and time, for prime, and but little selling. Butter is dull at 10@11c for packed, and 12@13c for roll, as in quality. Cheese is firm at 11@11½c for New York. Eggs are selling slowly at 16c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull and unsettled during the entire week, and prices have ruled in favor of the buyer, with sales of some 900 bales to note at irregular rates, mostly in small lots at from 8 to 11½c ₱ lb, cash and time. The bulk of the sales were of Uplands, including good middling at 11¼@11¾c, and Middling Fair at 12@12¼c, cash, which establishes a decline.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron are light, and the demand steady, with further sales of about 60 hhds, all offered, at $27 for 1st No 1, including some of a better brand at $30 ₱ ton. No change in Tanners' Bark, and but little doing in the way of sales.

BEESWAX is scarce, and held at 35c ₱ lb, which is above the views of buyers, and we hear of no sales.

COAL—There is no new feature in the trade. Prices of all kinds are steadily maintained, and there is a fair business doing, both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE—The stock in first hands being nearly exhausted, and mostly of poor quality, the market has been almost at a stand-still this week, and prices about the same, sales reaching only about 1500 bags, in small lots, at from 13½@14¾c for common to good Rio, on time.

COPPER—The market continues dull, and Yellow Metal is selling in lots at 19½c, six months.

FEATHERS are moving off as wanted at 46@50c @ lb, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT is abundant and low, Green Apples selling at $1,50@2,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples are quoted at 3½@4c; Pared Peaches at 10@14c, and Unpared do at 6½@7½c ₱ lb, as in quality, and buyers not disposed to operate to any extent.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—The firmness of holders operates unfavorably on the trade, and a few small sales only are reported at fully former rates.

HOPS are unsettled and on the advance, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 30@35c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market for this staple is quiet, but steady at previous quoted rates, with rather more inquiry for future delivery, but generally at prices below the views of makers, who are firm at $22½@23 for Anthracite No 1, $21@21½ for No 2, and $19½@20 for No 3, on time, and but little selling. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales. Blooms and Boiler Iron are also quiet, and prices about the same. No change in Bars and Rails, and a moderate business to note.

LEAD—The stock here is light, and we hear of no sales.

LEATHER—The market is fairly supplied with common stock, but good Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather continues scarce and commands full prices. The market generally, however, is inactive.

LUMBER—There is little or no alteration in the price or demand of any description, and a small business doing in White Pine Boards at $14@17, and Yellow Sap Boards at $13@15. Laths sell in lots at $1,75 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is very inactive, and we are only advised of a sale of 500 hhds Trinidad, part tart, at 27c, and some New Orleans at 36@40c, as in quality, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER is in steady demand at $2,62½@2,75; white is worth 4 ₱ ton.

RICE—The stock is nearly exhausted, and we are only advised of a sale of 50 casks fair new crop, the first arrival of the season, which was disposed of at 5c ₱ lb, on the usual credit. Old sold at 4¾c.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover, and all offered, about 1000 bus, have been taken at $5,75@6 ₱ bus, closing at the latter rate, which is an advance. Sales of redcleaned Seed are making on terms kept private. Timothy is also better, and sales of 700 to 800 bush have been made at $2,75@3 ₱ bus; prime is scarce, and wanted at the latter rate. Domestic Flaxseed is selling on arrival at $1,62@1,63 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is a good demand for Brandy, and prices are firm and on the advance, with a fair business to note in the way of sales. Gins are unchanged. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is rather firmer, with more doing in barrels at 22½@23c for Pennsylvania; 23@23½c for Western; 21½@22c for Drudge, and 22½@23c for hhds.

SUGARS have been inactive this week at previous quoted rates. Sales include about 600 hhds, mostly Porto Rico, at 7¼@7½c, chiefly at the latter rate. A sale of 1000 bags Brazil brown Sugar was also made at 6¾c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW—There is a fair business doing in country at 9½@9¾c ₱ lb. We quote only at 10¼c and firm.

TOBACCO—There is nothing new in the trade, and about the usual business to note in leaf and manufactured at quotations.

WOOL—The market is firm but rather quiet. The low and medium grades are selling as wanted at full rates, and there is some little inquiry from the East for fine fleece, but the sales of this description have been limited and prices rule about the same.

A TELEGRAPHIC dis[patch] ... St. Paul's Minnesota, says that Governor Ashbel P. Willard, of Indiana, died on the 4th, of consumption.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2365 head. The prices ranged from $7,50 to 9 ₱ 100 lbs for ordinary and good; a few prime being disposed of for $9,25. Sheep—5500 head, which sold at from 8 to 9c ₱ lb, live weight. 60 Cows were sold at from $25 to 60, according to quality. Hogs—3718 head were sold at from $7,50 to 8,50 ₱ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 6.—FLOUR firm; sales of 11,500 bbls at $5,35@5,50 for State; $5,70@5,75 for Ohio; Southern is unchanged. Wheat buoyant and advanced 1c; sales of 100,000 bus; Chicago Spring $1,20; Milwaukie Club $1,24@1,25. Corn firm; 140,000 bus sold at 66@69c. Pork dull. Lard quiet. Whiskey steady.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, the 2d instant, by the Rev. John McDowell, D. D., E. W. CONNOR, to ADELINE J. CUMMINGS, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, at the Episcopal residence, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood, J. MILES KRATZER, of Clearfield, Pa. to MARIE E. CONSTANT, formerly of Bordeaux, France.

On Wednesday evening, 3d instant, by the Rev. J. N. Stansbury, of Newark, N. J., Mr. EDWIN A. LANDELL, to Miss MARTHA T. daughter of the late Wm. T. Donaldson, of this city.

On Tuesday, Oct. 2d, by the Rev. J. McDowell, D. D., Mr. EDGAR P. MICHENER, to Miss VIRGINIA B. daughter of Jacob M. Johnson, Esq.

On Monday morning, the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. P. Breed, EUGENE M. PREVOST, to CARRIE E. VODGES, neice of John R. Vodges, Esq. both of this city.

At Carbondale, Pa. on the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Drumm, Mr. W. AUGUSTUS BILGER, of this city, to Miss LIZZIE BRONSON, of the former place.

Sept. 24th, 1860, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ISAAC L. BREWER, to Miss MARY A. HARMER, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th of Sept. at East Richland, Ohio, Mr. WILLIAM RICH, in his 59th year.

On Sunday, Sept. 30th, Mr. BENJ. LOUDERBACK, in his 53d year.

On the morning of Oct. 1st, WARNER F. WASHINGTON, son of the late Reade Washington, of Pittsburg, in his 30th year.

On the 2d instant, MARGARET H. WISE, daughter of Capt. Michael and Eliza C. West, aged 19 years.

On Monday, Oct. 1st, Mrs. JANE ROGERS, aged 78 years.

On the 29th of Sept. Lieut. JOHN HALL, U. S. Navy, in his 45th year.

On Thursday, 27th ultimo, Col. WILLIAM J. LEIPER, in his 58th year.

On Thursday evening, 27th ultimo, Mr. HAKEN HADDOCK, (junior partner of the firm of Haddock, Reed & Co.)

On the 29th ultimo, JOHN R. VAN BRUNT, in his 25th year.

On Saturday, the 29th ultimo, JOHN B. TREVOR, Esq.

On the 29th of Sept. at the residence of his father, near Wilmington, Del. JOSEPH B. LATIMER, attorney at law.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " " 1867	105	—
" " " 1867	109	—
" " " 1868	109	—
" " coupon 7-3-10	10 21	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	103	103½
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	49	—
All'y City 6 pr ct,	85	75
" County	49	50
Penn 6 pr ct,	102	—
" 5 "	97	97½
Tenn 6 "	91¾	92
" 5 coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	1044
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1868	103½	103¾
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98	98½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	86	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91¼	92
N Y City, 1872-3	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	162	—
Philadelphia	—	122
Far & Mec	58	—
Commercial	51	52
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	27	27½
Southwark	60	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	48½	50
Western	66	—
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45	46
Consolidation	73½	—
Commonwealth	39	42
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	30
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	48	—
Exchange "	50	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	86½	90
Planters "	100	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	25	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	10
New Creek	1	1½
New Granada	—	3
N America Ins'co	27	29
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	60	—
Bonds	92	94

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	1020	—
2nd "	91	90
" stock	61½	62
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1904	—	110
" stock	132	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	66	68
mort 6's '44	90½	91
" '56	75½	76
" stock	23½	23¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	84	85
" stock	50	50
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	41	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R '73	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	93
Wil'msp & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	71
" 2nd "	10	—
" stock	14	14
Catawissa	12	1
Beaver Meadow stock	65	65½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	10½	10¾
6 pr ct loan	73½	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	48½	—
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	77	—
Har & Lan R R stock	30½	51½
bonds '93	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	19	20
Long Island R R stock	13½	13½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	86½	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct		
loan, '82	75½	75½
imp. 6 pr ct	66	—
stock	9	9½
preferred	20	24½
Lehigh Nav stock	—	50
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	41½	42
Morris Consol'd	64½	64½
preferred	115	116
Ches & Del	46	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1878	17	18

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 6, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore par to ½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis	
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
MAINE.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
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RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
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All bks uncertain	
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Solv bks 1 to 1¼ dis	
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ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks 1¼ dis	
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Solv bks 2 dis	
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Solv bks 1¾ dis	
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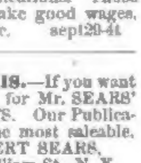

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FOWLER AND WELL

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in.
'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

II.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in Spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple trees.

III.

I think he loved the Spring: not that he cared for flowers; most men
Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted then,
One Spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the Spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

IV.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

V.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days that come.

VI.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best to say.

VII.

Then she was still; they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

VIII.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost;
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy one, at least.

IX.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was sewn silk, too simple for my taste;
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

X.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "In the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

XI.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee too hast been a wife.

XII.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

XIII.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin, and now they're gone, all three.

XIV.

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see;
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

XV.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine—young people nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

XVI.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly mien we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

XVII.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

XVIII.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned;
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

Wit and Humor.

UNCLE MILEY'S THEORY OF THE OIL WELLS.—"Um! He bubbles right up out the groun', don't it? er they dig down jes so fur, an' they come tew it, don't they? That's nothin'; nary one o' them's nothin' strange. That Pennsylvany country's got a queer lay o' the land all over it. I've ben there. Mountains all 'round, an' kind o' valleys like between 'em. Jes seech a place 's I sh'd look for ile?" And Uncle Miley fortified himself with an immense piece of cavendish. "Ye see, when the delyuge come, all the fishes, an' all the beas's, an' all the housen, an' all the folks 't lived in 'em, was all mixed up together, an' them't wa'nt drownded was swimmin' round promiscuously. Then, ye know, arter so many days the water went away ag'in. Now, up in them Alleghany decstricts was a schule o' whales. They swum up in deep water; an' when all to once, it went away, they couldn't foller it. So they laid there in them valleys, an' died, an' melted away, an' all the ile 'jes naturally soaked into the groun'; and bein' as how nobody lived in them parts for thousan's an' thousans' o' years, ye know, nobody ever thought nothin' about it. *Now*, when folks in that region come to dig sullers an' wells, an' find *ile*, all the fools are gittin' up a talk, an' makin' a great fuss about it. 'T's easy enough 'countin' for it when ye think o' that awful delyuge!"

A WITTY REPARTEE.—MRS. Gray Loftis, at present a star of some magnitude in the fashionable world, is deservedly so, for nothing can be more amiable than her manners, and nothing more delightful than her conversation, as she possesses the happy faculty of pleasing others by eliciting from them those observations and those talents which, by the assistance of her witchery, she knows so well how to apply. One of the best sallies we have heard recorded of her, was on her pressing that diffident gentleman in private society, Mr. Sims Reeves, to sing.

"Well," said the modest tenor at last, "I will sing 'My Pretty Jane,' on condition that you will first pay me some sort of compliment—one that the company shall decide to be witty."

"Surely," said Mrs. Loftus, "you are not so determined against singing as to make my being witty a previous stipulation? Surely you will surrender without that article?"

"No," rejoined Reeves, "I am *positive*."

"That is impossible," observed the fair lady, "for we all here know, Mr. Sims Reeves, that you are *superlative*."

NOT HARD TO TAKE.—At Hainesville, Alabama, during the trial of the great Lucas case, Hon. H. W. Hilliard, in an eloquent speech for the contestants, compared the vast estate to a stagnant pool, giving off malaria and infecting the moral atmosphere. It had been proved, however, on the trial, that the agreement between the contestants and their lawyers was that the latter should receive *ten per cent.* of what they recovered for their services. In answering Mr. Hilliard, Hon. Sam. F. Rice replied to the "malaria" argument by saying that he supposed, if Mr. Hilliard's side proved successful, "he would come to his clients, holding his nose with one hand and opening a pocket with the other, and request them, as he was very delicate and fearful of his health, to drop, *very gently*, a little—about *ten per cent.*—of that 'malaria' into that pocket!" This view of the malaria was too much for the jury, court, and spectators.

A HEAVY BLOW.—A colonel, who is fond of telling tough 'uns, especially stories of which he himself is the hero, lately drew the long bow after the following wise:

"I was once in Montpelier," says the colonel, "on official business. During my stay a horse-race came off near the capital; and as I am rather partial to horse-racing, I went to see it. Just as the horses were about starting, some fellow insulted me by jostling me rather roughly. Now, you know I don't often fight, but when I strike, then I do strike. So I up fist, and hit him a blow that sent him against the fence into a field, carrying with him nine sections of posts and rails. The fellow lay a short time, then raising himself into a sitting posture, he looked wildly around him.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'has the storm done much damage? Did the lightning strike anybody but me?'"

A COURT SCENE.—A man who had never seen the inside of a court house until he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of our District Courts sitting last fall in the northern part of the State, being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge. Judge It——n, in his bland and courteous manner, said, "Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man made a short pause; but not comprehending what was said to him, continued his narrative. His Honor was then more explict, and said to him, "Speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches." The witness then turned around, and making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner, "Good morning, gentlemen!"

A FOND DELUSION.

FIRST ENGLISH TOURIST (GOING NORTH). "Hullo, Tompk——"

SECOND DITTO (DITTO, DITTO). "Hsh——sh! Confound it, you'll spoil all. They think in the train I'm a Highland chief!"

BRING ME HOME.

Isaiah xlii., 16.

I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With child-like trust I give my hand
To the mighty friend by my side.
The only thing that I say to him,
As he takes it, "hold it fast;"
Suffer me not to lose my way,
But bring me home at last,

As when some helpless wanderer,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand;—
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach,
He who guides us may choose the way,
Little we heed the path we take,
If *nearer* home each day.

WINTER RULES.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely close, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills, which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease. Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window. Let more cover be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night. Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed. Never put on a new boot or shoe in the beginning a long walk.

PUTTING AT INTEREST.

Ben Adam had a golden coin one day
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,
Until the golden pieces grew,
And these two—four; so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin one day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way!
Ben Selim died—too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached Heaven, angels with pride,
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

WHAT WILL A GLASS OF WATER HOLD?—It is generally thought that when a vessel is full of water any solid substance immersed in it will cause it to overflow, and such will be the case if the substance is not soluble in the water; but the philosophic truth, that in dissolving a body you do not increase the volume of the solvent, may be proved by a simple and interesting experiment. Saturate a certain quantity of water, at a moderate heat, with three ounces of sugar, and when it will no longer receive, there is room in it for two ounces of salt of tartar, and after that for an ounce and a dram of green vitriol, nearly six drams of nitre, the same quantity of sal ammoniac or smelling salts, two drams and a scruple of alum, and a dram and a half of borax; when all these are dissolved in it, it will not have increased in volume.

GALVANIZING SILK WORMS.—Silk worms require as much persuasion to induce them to work as the laziest negroes. M. Sauvageon reports to the Academy his experience in the matter. Finding the little things torpid and unwilling to work, the idea struck him to stir them up by electricity. The results, as he gives them, are really marvellous. He took fifty-three worms at random from among thousands belonging to a neighbor, put them every day on a sheet-iron plate, through which a current of electricity was passed, kept them each time as long as they could stand it, and now has fifty-three beautiful cocoons, an amount which his neighbors will not obtain, to all appearances, from several thousand ungalvanized worms. If these results may be relied on, he has made a very valuable discovery.

A CHILD'S KING.—"Journeying in a foreign country, S——, then six years old, became a great favorite with an English lady, who was staying at the same hotel; and who, in order to draw him out, was constantly plying him with questions, one of which was, what we did without a sovereign in America? As he seemed somewhat puzzled, she all the more pertinaciously insisted on an answer; and taking him on her lap one day, she said, 'Now, S——, I shall not let you go till you tell me what you *do without a king in America*.' Suddenly looking up into her face with his large, dark, thoughtful eyes, he answered, 'Why, Mrs. M——, we have the Saviour for *our* king, and we don't want any other!'"

VOWED OUT AND BOWED OUT.—An Indian, after hearing a missionary preach on the text, "Make vows to heaven and keep them," went up to the preacher after the sermon, and said, "I have made a vow to go to your house." A little surprised, the minister answered, "Well, keep your vow." On arriving at the house, the Indian said, "I have made a vow to sup with you." This was also granted, but when, after supper, the Indian added, "I have made a vow to sleep in your house," fearing there would be no end to the vows of his attentive auditor, the preacher replied, "It is easy so to do, but I have made a vow that you shall leave to-morrow morning," to which the Indian consented without hesitation.

Agricultural.

CHARCOAL AS A BLANCH FOR CELERY.

A writer in the Philadelphia Gardener's Monthly says: Permit me to coin a noun expressive of a new use to which I have lately put this useful substance.

As a *mulch* its value is universally recognized. As a *blanch* I find it superior to any material I have ever tried, including earth, dry sand, sawdust, tan-bark, leaves, hay, litter, etc. Its advantages are manifold; no slug or insect will harbor in it; it drains perfectly, retains the solar warmth without overheating the plant, absorbs all the ammoniacal gases arising from the application of liquid or other fertilizers, will not rust the stalk, is easily washed out of the celery when dug, and can be used many times over with little loss. By proper management, also, two rows of celery may be grown where one is by the old method.

Dig trenches two feet apart, about eight inches wide and six deep, and *fill up to the level of the ground*, with a rich compost of loam, well decomposed manure, and *tanners' hair refuse*, (the latter being the best possible food for celery, and obtainable at the same price as stable offal,) and set out the plants about eight inches apart in single rows. On either side of the rows, about six inches distant, commencing at one end, drive two stakes, say three feet long, and one to one-and-a-half inches square, one inch apart, to allow a board to slip in between them, and repeat the stakes at intervals of five feet, or thereabouts, the entire length of your rows of plants; then between the stakes put boards twelve to fourteen inches wide, and a piece of board at each end of the trench, connecting their ends.

The young plants will need shading for a few days after transplanting, if the trenches run north and south, if east and west they will not require it.

Draw the earth slightly away from the base of the boards, to form a *feeding trough*, into which pour liquid manure frequently during the growing season. When the leaf of the *central stalk or heart* of the plant shows itself above the board, fill in the whole space with coarsely pulverized charcoal, (cinders from the smoke-stack of locomotives, or the bruise of old charcoal hearths) holding the stalks snugly together in the left hand while filling in with the right.

After a few days place a second set of boards, which may be connected by cross-pieces nailed on at intervals on the top of the first, and repeat the blanching as before. I have found two blanchings to be sufficient.

For winter celery the trenches should be dug four feet apart, one and a half feet wide, and the plants in two rows nine inches asunder.

They may be banked up in the usual way, first throwing a little litter on the top. Celery thus treated will keep perfectly; the loose texture of the charcoal preventing its becoming solid by the action of frost.

It may be objected that the above plan is more extensive than the traditional method, but it will be productive of so much higher quality, longer blanched stalks, greater crispness and whiteness, and certain exemption from rust and decay, as fully to warrant the *apparent* increased outlay. If the boards are well coated with gas-tar or good boiled linseed oil they will last many years, and the charcoal is worth, for general garden purposes, more than its cost, if not required again for blanching.

THE ART OF MILKING.—The art of milking, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, is not acquired at once. Children in farm districts should be taught to milk. They may commence on an old cow that is soon to become dry. But let them learn when young—for we are not to expect that this art is to be practiced by foreigners alone who are drifting to our shores.

Cows that have been well bred will be gentle and kind to those who approach them to draw their milk. They know that a good milker gives them relief when their udders are full and need to have the milk drawn.

The dust, &c., should first be brushed off after the milker is fairly seated by the side of the cow. The end of each teat should then be moistened with a little milk to be drawn from it before the pail is placed under it. This makes the milk come easier, and saves giving any pain to the cow, as we do when the teat is perfectly dry. Now, as soon as the milk begins to come freely draw it out as fast as possible, otherwise you fail to get the whole; for, in a few minutes, if the milk is not drawn out, it flows back again into the milk ducts, and you cannot have it. In a short time the cow becomes dry. Milk fast and milk clean. Never let two persons, while milking, attempt to talk with each other. Keep still and mind what you are about, or you will come off as bad as the man who arrives too late for the cars.

ACONITE A REMEDY FOR MASSACHUSETTS CATTLE DISEASE.—Hon. Adam Ferguson, of Canada West, writes Col. B. P. Johnson, of New York: "A friend of mine in Scotland, an *amateur veterinarian*, told me he attended Professor Dick in his rounds, when the disease, some years ago, was raging in Scotland, especially in large dairy establishments. My friend, D. Henderson, is Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburg, and is in high medical practice. He assured me that aconite was used as a specific, if given in time, *before* the lungs were seriously affected, and had saved scores of valuable cows."

Useful Receipts.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—A strong solution of chloride of lime, sprinkled about places where they frequent, we have found an effectual remedy for both the red and black ant. As an experiment, I sprinkled some of this solution on an ant-hill, long inhabited by black ants, and in a few days, I found that the whole colony had left for parts unknown. Cockroaches, as well as ants, also are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves, or slices or rind of pineapple on the shelves and places frequented by these troublesome insects.

TO PREVENT DOGS, &c., BITING OR NIBBLING.—I have often found puppies and other animals, when young, very fond of nibbling at shoes, &c.; and if you beat it does not cure them, except in your presence. I therefore mix, say about one ounce of common bitter aloes to the pint of water, and a little spirit of any kind to make it keep, and a small brush stuck in the cork of the bottle; and when I do not want any animals to bite anything, I paint it over with this, and they will not touch it after one or two tastes, but do not let them see you do it. This is a better way than beating, and they soon get the idea that these things are bitter, and leave off nibbling.

CURE FOR WARTS AND CORNS.—The bark of a willow tree burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar and applied to the parts will remove all corns or excrescences on any part of the body.

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CALVES HEAD SOUP.—Pour four quarts of cold water on a calf's head which has been properly cleansed, add 3 carrots, 3 turnips, 3 onions. Put it on to boil until reduced to 3 quarts; strain and put in a cool place. Next day add 1 head celery chopped, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 of pepper, 1 of allspice, 1 of mace, 1 of cloves, 3 hard boiled eggs, cut up. Have some force meat balls ready fried, and just before taking up the soup add 1 tumbler of port wine, the balls, and the head cut up fine.

TOMATO MUSTARD.—Take 1 gallon unskinned tomatoes; let them simmer in 1 pint of sharp vinegar 4 hours; then strain them through a collander, and let them boil till quite thick; then put in 4 tablespoonfuls of salt, 1 of black pepper, 1 of mustard, 1-2 one of allspice. Boil all together 1-2 hour. Then to each quart of juice add 1-2 pint of vinegar, and bottle for use in bottles where a spoon can be inserted.

LIGHT GINGERBREAD.—Take 3 cups of molasses, 5 of flour, 1 of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon of soda, 2 of cream tartar; (dissolve these apart in rose water) work the sugar with 1-4 lb. of butter, put 1 tablespoonful of cloves, and do. of ginger. Mix and bake in cups or shallow pans.

☞ "Pa, ain't I growing tall?" "Why, what's your height, sonny?" "Seven feet lacking a yard." Pa fainted.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 30, 14, 16, 8, 22, 17, 18, 28, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 28, 25, 16, 30, 3, was one of the wise men of Greece.
My 3, 27, 12, 6, was a Roman emperor.
My 10, 31, 11, 5, 28, was one of the ten plagues of Egypt.
My 4, 7, 18, 31, is a possessive pronoun.
My 23, 9, 32, 2, is a noted volcano.
My 13, 24, 27, 3, is an adverb of time.
My 17, 19, 21, 15, 1, is used by every tidy housekeeper.
My 19, 29, 2, 26, 23, 28, is a river in Europe.
My whole is a saying daily exemplified.

Granville Co., N. C. B. G. E.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Students of grammar attend me here—
And try to solve this riddle clear.
I am a musical instrument,
Pray tell me what is the answer meant.
One-fourth of me you'll plainly see
Is a pronoun of personality.
One-fourth an interjection,—and
One-fourth a prefix will command.
My final fourth's a preposition—
Now tell my name and my condition?

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a bird you know will steal,
At your expense will sup,
If you've potatoes in the field,
I'm sure she'll dig them up.

The murderer for his evil deeds,
And blood that he has spilt,
Beside my next he stands to plead
His innocence or guilt.

When darkness o'er the earth's diffused,
And people are at rest,
My whole sometimes by thieves is used
To rob and to transgress.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

A HENGLISH HENIGMA.

I dwells in the Hearth, and I breathes in the Hair;
If you searches the Hocean, you'll find Hi'm there,
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
Yet Hi'm banished from Eaven, expelled from on 'Igh.
But, though on this Horb I am destined to grovel,
Hi'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel;
Not an 'Oss, nor an 'Unter e'er hears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
I reside in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,
And Hi'm hinvariably habsent from 'Ome.
Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urricane of the Hatmosphere part,
I enter no 'End, I creeps into no 'Eart.
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye I appear,
Only 'Ark, and you'll 'Ear me just breathe in the Hear;
Tho' in sex not an 'e, I ham (strange paradox!)
Not a bit of an 'Elfer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heternity Hi'm the beginning! and mark,
Though I goes last with Noah, Hi'm first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Ealth—have with physic no power;
I dies in a month, but comes back in a Hour.

Solution—The letter "Huitch."

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A county in North Carolina.
A State in South America.
A city in Iowa.
A bay in the United States.
An island in the Baltic sea.
A mountain in Europe.
A river in Europe.
A city in Persia.
A sudden gust.
A city in Turkey.
A river in South America.
A county in Illinois.

The initials form the name of a splendid story. The finals the author.

WILLIAM TOLBUT TOTTEN.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a hole 12 inches square be cut through the centre of a sphere 20 inches in diameter, how many cubic inches of the sphere will be consumed? ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A can do a certain work in 10 days, and B can do the same in 15 days. In what time can both finish it by working together; and provided both are hindered 1-5 of their regular work by thus working and talking together? PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a conspiracy like a chicken walking? Ans.—Because it's a fowl proceeding.

☞ Why are geese like opera-dancers? Ans.—Because no other animals can stand so long on one leg.

☞ What does a man fear after having his nose pulled? Ans.—Answer next (t) week.

☞ Why should jockeys be partial to the Isle of Wight? Ans.—Because they may have a Ryde (ride) there. Dairymaids? They will find cows (Cowes.) Tailors? Needles are there.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Battle of San Jacinto. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Alexander the Great. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Demosthenes of Athens in Greece. CHARADE—Madam (Mad-a-m). CHARADE—Prescott (Pres-cott). GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—3356.856239 cubic inches at first; 1628.856239 cubic inches after dividing.

KILTING ON THE CONTINENT.—A recent traveller from the Rhine tells us of a peculiarity of English costume for which they are becoming very remarkable. It was at Cologne that the last monstrosity figured, in the person of a Scotch gentleman, for so he was presumed to be. The gentleman wore a short jacket, a large wide-awake, and a kilt of the shortest proportion. The horror of the ladies of Cologne may be imagined, and he was followed about by the police, after having been subject to a cross-questioning as to whether or not he had forgotten any of his nether apparel at his hotel.